ASTRONOMY AND METEOROLOGY.

BY WALTER H. SMITH, MONTREAL, *President of the Astro-Meteorological Association; Author of "Smith's Planetary Almanac and Weather Guide;" "Lunar Influence on Vegetation"; "Vennor's Almanac for 1885"; formerly Associate Editor of "Vennor's Weather Bulletin" and "Almanac."*

CALENDAR.

Thursday, Aug. 5—Sun rises 4.48, sets 7.23.
Friday, 6—Moon at First Quarter 4.12 eve.
Saturday, 7—Queen Caroline died, 1821.
Sunday, 8—Seventh after Trinity; Venus in conjunction with Saturn.
Monday, 9—Sun rises 4.53, sets 7.16.
Tuesday 10—St. Lawrence.
Wednesday, 11—Venus in Gemini.

WEATHER FORECAST.

For the week ending Wednesday, Aug. 11:—Stormy weather generally—cloudy and rainy with some sudden dampness - a fine change—cool weather with local frosts notably in the North and North-West.

For the week ending Wednesday, August 18th: Cool weather for August—variable and windy, local showers and storms—Hot weather, severe thunder storms and considerable damage by lightning—cooler.

THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE have not advanced one step in the way of weather knowledge beyond their ignorant ancestors. This was admirably illustrated recently, when we happened to get (as forecast) thunder storms and wet, unsettled weather on Swithin's and following days. Every one met had the remark that the day's weather presaged bad. That there is and can be nothing whatever more than ordinary to be presaged from the weather on St. Swithin's, or any other particular day, I have already thoroughly demonstrated in the ADVOCATE. The article on this special subject was also reprinted in my almanac for 1885 and conclusively proved the fallacy of the forty days' rain nonsense.

MORE SCIENTIFIC DEDUCTIONS, careful observations, and less superstitious "going it blind," is what is needed at present to unravel the weather tangle. If half the care that is given by the majority of people to utter frivolity was spent in some useful study such as the weather problem men and women would be considerably wiser and happier owing to the results of the knowledge obtained in a few years. From what you see, the majority of men and women have at least one hour a day which they waste in idle lounging, scandal, or gossip. This, devoted to some popular useful science or art, such as practical observational meteorology, might eventually be the means of putting several hundreds of dollars in their pockets.

BUT HOW? Easy enough. Take a farmer for instance who knows nothing of Meteorology. His hay is just ready for drawing to the barn. The weather is fine, dry and hot, and the cattle-buyer or the lightning-rod man, or some other body of that ilk, invites the farmer to the corners, where over a social pipe, etc., a "deal" is arranged, after several hours talk. In the meantime, the clouds gather, the rain descends and a spell of wet, cloudy weather follows so that the hay is spoiled. But how was the farmer to know? When he started there was not a cloud. Very true. But Astro-Meteorology said that sudden rains were probable; the Signal Service reported a wet spell approaching from the wind's eye; and the barometer had already begun to fall. The very sultriness of the heat, to the practical meteorologist, denoted a rapid and immediate change, notwithstanding the general fine weather outlook, which outlook was only on the surface and deceiving to those who saw no deeper. A similar moral could be pointed from the errand boy to the banker. Everyone should study the weather problem and not display the amount of most stupid ignorance on a subject of such grave importance as so many still do.

THE CONSELLATIONS.

ARGO NAVIS—THE SHIP ARGO.

This is more properly a southern constellation, a very small part of it being ever visible in the northern States and Canada. Coming to the meridian in March, it is visible but a few hours, low on the horizon. South-East of *Sirius* in *Canis Major* it is distinguished by several stars that may be "improved" with a little imagination, into the figure of the prow of a ship. The constellation perpetuates the memory of the ship which carried JASSON and his fifty-four companions to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece. Many have disputed the derivation of the word Argo. Some derive it from Argos, saying that he proposed the expedition, others, that it was built at Argos; CICERO calls it Argo, because Thebans were carried in it. [illegible] says the word means swiftness, relating to the speed of the ship. PTOLEMY says untruly that HERCULES built the boat and called it Argo, after a son of JASSON. The vessel is described as having fifty oars and was really a very insignificant "ship" as we understand matters. The crew are said to have been able to portage it on their backs from the Danube to the Adriatic. NEWTON made the expedition about 30 years before the destruction of Troy, and 48 after SOLOMON's death. DR. BRYANT rejects the "history" *in toto* believing that the constellation refers to NOAH and the ark, the Argonautic expedition fable being founded by the Greeks on certain Egyptian traditions that related to the preservation of the patriarch and his family during the flood. But to get back to the constellation itself, or rather that part visible here. Some 18° S. E. of *Sirius* is *Naos*, a star of the second magnitude, in the row lock of the ship. When on the meridian it is 8° above the horizon in the latitude of New York City. It is best seen about the first week in March each year. *Gamma* another star of the second magnitude, about 7° south of *Naos*, just skims the southern horizon for a few minutes, and then sets. Telescopically that part of this constellation that is visible has some fine objects. In R. A., 7h. 36m Dec. 14° 32′ S., is a beautiful circular cloud of small stars, about half a degree in diameter. A feeble nebula with a low power, is, in LALANDE's, 20 foot reflector "an astonishing and interesting object," annular in form and not gaseous. In R. A. 7h. 54m. Dec. 10° 27′ S. is a fine broad starry cloud, with stars from the tenth magnitude down to those of mere nebulosity. Its vicinity is gorgeous. There is also a large loose cluster in R. A. 8h. 5m. Dec. 12° 34′ S., and a planetary nebula of a bright, bluish white, in R. A. 7h. 37m. Dec. 17° 57′ S. With high power's it is brilliant, undefined, and surrounded with a faint haziness. Below our limit of vision lie the most glorious orbs in this constellation. First and foremost is the first magnitude star *Canopus*, considered in 1801 by Chilian observers to be brighter than *Sirius*. It is nearly 30° S., of the latter star and comes to the meridian about 17 minutes later, it has no less than 53° of south declination, and is consequently never visible to us in Canada and the Northern parts of the United States. *Miaplacidus*, is another first magnitude star 25° E. of *Canopus* which is never visible to us, and the same may be said of the wonderful *Eta*, the most remarkable of all variable stars. Its changes have been a constant theme for wonderment and observation ever since first noticed. In the year 1677 it was recorded as being of the 4th magnitude; 1751, 2nd magnitude, 1811-15 4th mag.; 1822-26, 2nd mag.; 1827 it had increased to the 1st mag.; 1828-33, 2nd mag.; 1838-43, 1st mag.; 1843 50 1st mag.; nearly or quite equal in brightness to *Sirius* with some strange fluctuations during 1845-48. Fading out rapidly it was lost to nearly all eyes by 1862 and quite unrecognizable in 1861. In 1865 it was of the 9th magnitude, and so on. WOLF puts its period at 46 years, with two subordinate maxima and minima. LOOMIS prefers a 70 year period. The star is red or orange-red in color, and its spectrum in the Melbourne reflector is noticed to be crossed with bright lines.

In observing southern objects it is to be remembered that one can see only as many degrees south of the equinoctial as one's own latitude lacks of 90° and no more. Observers at Montreal for instance see to nearly 45° South. Those at New York to about 50°.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Special Advocate Reports.

WISCONSIN.

The mean temperature for June '86 was 78° 60 compared with 75° 01, in '85, and 77° 20 in '84, noon record. An unusual number of days the highest record was an hour or two past 12, and on the 15th the record was 94° at 8½ a.m. and only 82 at noon. There was a 2½ inches rainfall on the 1st and 26th. Slight frost on the 3rd. Maximum temp. 95° on the 14th, minimum 66° on the 1st. From 60 to 70° five days; from 70 to 80° 15 days; from 80 to 90° six days; above 90° four days. Clear and fair 20 days, with light southerly winds prevailing. The rainfalls have been very local and in spots only—ten rods from the border line of a smart shower not a drop. Very little thunder or lightning. Several nights bright northern lights. The month ended very nearly as forecast in your *Weather Guide*, viz: a "hot spell."

Shawana. W. S. WOOD.

ILLINOIS.

June appears to have been "all right every time" as forecast, it has certainly "blown hot and blown cold" just as you predicted. The 1st was clear, warm, a little rain; 2nd, cloudy, warm, light rain; 3rd, clear and cold, too cool for corn; 4th, do; 5th and 6th, clear, warm, 7th, very warm; 8th, cloudy, rainy, warm; 9th, heavy rain, thunder and lightning; 10th, fine growing corn weather; 11th, fine, corn planting finished; 12th, clear, very warm; 13th, heavy thunder showers, changeable; 14th, fine; 15th, sultry, thunder and rain; 16th hot, some rain; 17th, and 18th, clear, cool, fine; 19th, cold; 20th, clear, warmer; 21st, clear and warm; 22nd, cloudy, rain, thunder; 23rd, fine; 24th variable, cool, small showers; 25th, rainy to clear; 26th, cloudy and variable; 27th, rain; 28th and 29th, clear, cool, good haying weather; 30th, warm and fine.

Lakewood. L. HEADLEY.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

During the summer and fall people are liable to sudden attacks of bowel complaints, and with no prompt remedy or medical aid at hand, life may be in danger. Those whose experience has given them wisdom, always keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for prompt relief, and a physician is seldom required.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Cyrus Kilborne, Beamsville, Ont., had what was supposed to be a cancer on her nose. She was about to submit to a cancer doctor's treatment, when she concluded to try Burdock Blood Bitters, internally and externally, a few bottles of which entirely cured her.

NONE BETTER.

There is no more wholesome or delicious fruit on earth than the Wild Strawberry, and there is no more effectual remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Cramps, and other summer complaints of infants or adults, than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Orangeade.- Is made like lemonade, only oranges are used instead of lemons.

Turkish Orangeade.—Put into a pitcher a pound and a half of white sugar, pour on it sufficient cold water to melt it, take a dozen ripe oranges, take off the yellow rind, squeeze the juice on the sugar and stir it well. Set on ice till very cool. Serve with the rind in the bottom of the glasses.

Donnybrook Fair.

To write of Dublin and omit to tell of Donnybrook Fair and its humors would would be as if a traveller were to describe Rome and forget to mention the Carnival, or as if a critic were to write of Burns and leave out his "Jolly Beggars." The fair has long ceased to glorify the month of June, and Donnybrook is only an uncomely village on the skirts of Dublin; but the fields of revelry and riot, near which the Dodder ripples past, reflecting giant burdock leaves, may still be seen. Through the faithful eyes of Jonah Barrington we can see the fair itself unshorn of its splendors. Here are tents formed of long wattles in two rows, inclined together at the top, over which for covering are spread patchwork-quilts, winnowing-sheets, rags, blankets, old petticoats, secured by ropes of hay. A broom head or well-worn brush, a watchman's discarded lantern, surmounted by variegated rags torn to ribbons, serve the purpose of the tavern's ivy-bush—a rusty saucepan or old pot signifies that eating as well as drinking may be had. Down the middle what a day since has been doors and now the tables rest on mounds of clay, and benches, swaying under the sitters when their equilibrium becomes uncertain, run along supported in like manner.

"When the liquor got the mastery of one convivial fellow," says Sir Jonah, "he would fall off, and the whole row generally followed his example—perhaps ten or even twenty shillelagh boys were soon on their backs, kicking up their heels, some able to get up again, some lying quiet and easy, singing, roaring, laughing, or cursing—while others still on their legs were drinking and dancing and setting the whole tent in motion, till all began to long for open air, and a little wrestling, leapfrog, cudgelling, or fighting upon the green grass. The tent was then cleared out and prepared for a new company." A delightful aroma, in itself nourishing, filled the June air—mingled turf, whiskey, steaming potatoes, Dublin Bay herrings, salt beef, and cabbage. At dusk a dozen fiddlers and pipers would strike up and a row of perhaps a hundred couple work away at their jig-steps, "till they actually fell off breathless." Matrons would bring the "childer" to this paradise of cakes and simple toys, and those infantine revellers would assist the musicians with pop-gun and drum and whistle. Under the summer moon young men and maidens would utter their vows and fix the day for going before Father Kearny, who declared that "more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week after Donnybrook Fair than in any two months during the rest of the year." As to the fighting at the Fair, it was for the most part void of malice and good humoured. Horses cannot be bought and sold without differences of opinion between buyer and seller; the shillelagh was at hand as a graceful arbiter of disputes. It is a vulgar error to suppose that practice with the national weapon is a brutal brandishing and whacking; it is rather a game of skill; and if a head was now and again laid open, this was quite in a friendly way, and what are heads for if not occasionally to be cracked in a worthy cause?—*Edward Dowden, in the Century.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LONGEVITY

How to Live Long Years. It Pays to Become a Centenarian.

The London *Standard* having recently had obtruded upon its notice the existence of a centenarian here and of another there in England, makes some reflections upon the subject of the possibilities of attaining to the age of 100 years and of the desirability of living to be so old. The *Standard* says:

"There is much in modern life that tends to shorten existence, and to diminish the probability that a man or woman will reach [illegible], to say nothing of 100. We lead more exciting and more wearing lives. It is in vain that a person has a splendid constitution to begin with, wears flannel, or [illegible] flannel next to his skin, dwells in a warm, dry house, and eats and drinks everything that is good and wholesome, if at the same time he habitually overworks his strength, looks upon his [illegible] as mere machinery, to be driven at high pressure, and [illegible] calls upon his nerves to squeeze [illegible] reserve power when every other [illegible] is exhausted. Men [illegible] who wish to be centenarians in [illegible] days must combine something of the old mode of life with something of the modern living. They must, while availing themselves of all the scientific [illegible] and sanitary appliances of [illegible], imitate their grandsires in the steady and tranquil habits that prevailed before the invention of locomotives and the telegraph. They must have their [illegible] hours of sleep regularly; they must have intervals of repose and vacancy in the daytime; they must spend a good portion of their waking hours in [illegible] air. Nor will that suffice; there will have to be regularity in the hours of their meals, and discipline in the ordering of the dishes of which the meals are composed. We cannot believe that anybody will ever live to 100 who eats a heavy dinner every night of his life at 8 o'clock. Champagne in abundance, and Bordeaux or Burgundy *ad libitum*, are very delightful things, but they are to be foresworn by persons who deliberately set before them the attaining of their hundredth birthday. Neither, with such an end in view, would the active life of a politician, a lawyer, or a doctor be a sound enterprise. In order to reach that distant goal there must be a training, if not severe, at least regular and unflinching. Most of all there must prevail in the existence of such a person a tranquil serenity, an unruffled calm. Neither generous passions nor enthusiastic ideals must be allowed admittance. The pulse must never be driven up beyond a certain point, either by work, by anxiety, by fear, or by hope. At the same time, more stagnation will in all probability never enable a person to live to 100. There is such a thing as rusting out as well as wearing out. If a candle does not burn brightly enough it does not consume the wax with sufficient rapidity, and goes out for want of adequate combustion. It is so, no doubt, with the human body and the human spirit. * * *

"To make yourself miserable at 40 in the wretched ambition to add a few worthless years to your score after you have turned 70 or 80 is surely a poor-spirited sort of game. To spend one's life feeling one's pulse, looking at one's tongue, and asking one's self if one is treating one's constitution quite fairly is not life at all. It is to live in a hospital, or, at any rate, an infirmary. Still, there are some persons who are congenitally cautious, congenitally cold, congenitally calm. It is their nature to take things quietly, never to be in a hurry, never to excite themselves. They are content to sit in an easy chair for so many hours, drive in a carriage when the weather is favorable for so many hours, and to regulate their existence by clockwork. They may live to 100, they may live to 150, but in truth they have not lived at all. The man who really gets the best that can be got out of life is the man who, with a fairly good constitution to begin with, is ready to squander it at any moment and on every occasion in a sufficient cause. He keeps no account of profit and loss with his vital energy; he sees work to do, and he does it; he sees pleasure to be enjoyed, and he enjoys it. He is alive all his life save when he sleeps; and he wakes from each fresh slumber looking the world cheerfully and courageously in the face, and ready and even eager to be a combatant when there is a good honest fight, and a runner when there is a good, honorable race afoot. He may not live to be 100, but he may well live to be 70, 75, or even 80. He may have a career, if not so conspicuous, yet as active, as varied, and as restless as that, say, of Mr. Gladstone, and yet not be really old when time registers him among the aged. 'Better 50 years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay;' and better 20 years of uncalculated activity than the slow pulse and measured step of the circumspect snail that creeps surely on to 100. We are not denouncing centenarians. They are like angels' visits, few and far between, and they are too rare not to be welcomed. Moreover, we doubt not that they deserve their length of years. But, it would be a misfortune if it was ever thought an object of life to live very long. The object of life is to live, live generously, live bravely. As Shakespeare says, 'Ripeness is all.'"

Ginger Beer.—One and a half ounce of the best Jamaica ginger, one and a half ounce of cream of tartar, one pound of brown sugar, two sliced lemons, four quarts of boiling water, one-half pint of yeast. Let it ferment.

Small Beer.—Three and a half gallons of water, one pint of bran, half gallon of molasses, half a pint of corn and a handful of hops; boil and strain; when cool, add half a pint of yeast. Let stand, well covered over night, then bottle.

Lemon Beer.—Cut two large lemons in slices and put them in a jar, and one pound of white sugar and one gallon of boiling water; let it stand till cool, then add two tablespoonfuls of yeast; let stand until it ferments. Bottle in stone jugs and cork tightly.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

NOTICE !

C. W. HYDE, of Trout River Lines, begs to announce that he has moved his stock of *Drugs, Medicines, &c.*, to the next door *South* of his former premises, where he will add to his business a stock of general goods such as

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Boots & Shoes,

In fact everything kept in a first-class General Store.

All goods sold strictly for *Cash* or *Ready Pay*. The highest CASH price allowed for all kinds of Farmers' Produce.
☞ 25 PER CENT saved by buying from me for cash or ready pay
Trout River Lines, May 4th, 1886. 17

WOOL! WOOL!

THE undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he is prepared to take wool for
CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c.,
Work done promptly and guaranteed.
Always on hand a good assortment of Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, Sheeting, Bed Blankets, Horse Blankets and All Wool Check Druggets, of my own make and made expressly for durability, from ten to twenty per cent lower than ever before.
J. B. ROBERT.
22tf Beauharnois.

Dominion, Quebec Provincial,
—AND—
2nd Annual Exhibition,
OF THE
Eastern Townships Agricultural Association,

WILL be held at the CITY OF SHERBROOKE, Province of Quebec, Thursday, 23rd September, to Saturday, 2nd October.
$25,000.00 IN PREMIUMS.
Entries on Live Stock to close Saturday, 4th September, on all other classes on Saturday, 11th September.
☞ *Reduced rates and Cheap Excursions from all points.*
For further particulars apply to
ROBERT H. TYLEE,
Sec.-Treas.
Sherbrooke, 28th June, 1886.

TAILORING!

OUR shop being now under the charge of a first-class Tailor, we can confidently solicit the patronage of the public. Our stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER
TWEEDS
Is the largest and best assortment of
PATTERNS
We have ever shown.
Call and you will find *Prices Right.* We have never been undersold and are in a better position this season than ever to give extra value.
☞ We guarantee all our work.
R. N. Walsh.
Huntingdon, 4th May, 1886. 17tf

Province of Quebec, District of Beauharnois. }
No. 185. Superior Court.
Dame Ida Vesta Wallis of the Township of Godmanchester, said District, has this day instituted an action for separation of property against Joseph Lanan, her husband.
Beauharnois, 6th July, 1886.
THOS. BRISSETTE,
20-4 Attorney for Plaintiff.

NERVOUS
DEBILITATED MEN.
You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free, by addressing
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

The Advocate

VOL. IV. NO. 31. HUNTINGDON, P.Q., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1886 $1.00 PER YEAR

Hotel Directory.

MUIR'S HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, Que.
This favorite Hotel always gives satisfaction to its patrons. No efforts are spared to provide for the comfort of the guests. Excellent Table, furnished with all delicacies in season.
NEW AND ENLARGED SAMPLE ROOM accommodation for the convenience of Commercial Travellers.
First-class Stables.
MRS. MUIR, Proprietor.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, Que.
First-class accommodation for the travelling public.
Sample Rooms for Commercial Men.
Telephone connection with Athelstan and Dundee, Que., and Chateauguay, Malone, Fort Covington and other points in northern New York, free to guests of the house.
First-class table. Delicacies in season.
13-yr. J. C. McMILLAN, Proprietor.

LAMB'S HOTEL,
CHATEAUGAY, N. Y.
Parties conveyed to the Lakes, Woods and Plains. Free Carriage to and from all trains. Telephone connection with the house.
21-yr CYRELL HUTCHINS, Proprietor.

ALBION HOTEL,
McGILL & ST. PAUL STREETS,
MONTREAL.
Centrally located. Charges moderate.
STEARNS & MURRAY, Proprietors.
28yr

DOMINION HOTEL,
CAZAVILLE, QUE.
This new and well appointed house is now ready for the reception of guests. Good table. Large sample rooms for commercial men. Fire-proof building and fire-proof safe attached to the house. First-class stables.
Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
L. CHRETIEN, Proprietor.
28

LAROCQUE'S HOTEL,
VALLEYFIELD, Que.
Good Accommodation. Excellent Table Comfortable Stabling.
A. LAROCQUE, Proprietor.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
DUNDEE, Que.
Horse and Boat Livery attached, and Guides furnished when required.
The Hotel is situated on the Province Line between Dundee, Que., and Fort Covington, N. Y. Daily Ferry to connect with Cars and Boats at Cornwall. Also direct connection with Montreal daily by the M. & P. J. Railway. Daily Stage to and from Malone.
☞ *Agent for Farming Implements.* ☜
JOHN TYO, Proprietor.

KELLY'S HOTEL,
BEAUHARNOIS, Que.
Mr. KELLY announces to his friends that his hotel is provided with a First-class Bar, Comfortable Rooms and Good Tables.
☞ *Livery attached to Hotel.* ☜
Boats and Fishing Apparatus furnished. The best of Fishing on Lake St. Louis. Hotel One Minute's walk from Beauharnois Sulphur Springs.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
ORMSTOWN, Que.
Excellent Table. Good Accommodation. Comfortable Stabling.
First-class Bar on the premises. The Wines and Liquors are all of the very best quality.
T. H. PALANG, Proprietor.

BOURQUE'S HOTEL,
ST. ANTOINE ABBE.
One door west of the old stand. House refitted and re-furnished in first class style, affording superior accommodation.
CHAS. BOURQUE, Proprietor.

SALABERRY HOTEL, (Hupin's old stand)
BEAUHARNOIS.
First-class accommodation for Commercial Men. Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar. ISRAEL LEMAY, Proprietor.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL,
VALLEYFIELD, Que.
Superior accommodation for Commercial Travellers and the general public; first-class table with Wines and Liquors, Cigars, &c., of the best description at the bar. Good Stabling and Shed accommodation.
ZOTIQUE DUBOIS, Proprietor.
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AMERICAN HOUSE,
CAZAVILLE, Que.
This house is beautifully situated two miles from the St. Lawrence, and has recently refitted and furnished with all modern improvements. Bar supplied with choice wines, liquors and cigars.
IMPORTANT TO FISHERMEN.
Every accommodation furnished to parties from a distance wishing to spend a season at fishing. Conveyance to and from the river, and boats, board, &c., at reasonable rates.
THOMAS LEE, Proprietor.

THE HUNTINGDON ADVOCATE is printed and published in the village of Huntingdon, by Henry D. Somerville proprietor, resident in the village of Huntingdon.

GENERAL NEWS.

English hop prospects are good.

Barnum offers $20,000 for the sea serpent, dead or alive.

A cloudburst in Montana killed 800 sheep in one corral.

His Excellency the Governor-General left for Europe last week.

Beach, the Australian oarsman is arranging a match with Wallace Ross for $5000 a side.

At Montreal on Saturday the Shamrocks beat the Ontarios three straight games.

A Paris despatch dated August 8 says the Pope is seriously ill and his life is despaired of.

Six young men of Sarnia, Ont., were drowned in Lake Huron by a yachting accident last week.

The flagship of the British North American squadron, the Bellerophon, is at Quebec.

J. A. Ouimet, Q. C., has been sworn in a judge of the Superior Court for this Province.

Lord Aberdeen received an ovation on the occasion of his departure from Dublin Castle last week.

Building operations in Montreal are brisker than they have been for a number of years back.

Grave alarm exists throughout the mining districts of Montana over the rapid decline in value of silver.

Capt. E. G. Green, of the Montreal Field Battery, committed suicide near Bordeaux, France, on Friday last.

The new British Parliament assembled on Thursday last. Mr. Peel was re-elected Speaker without opposition.

An explosion in a machine shop in Pennsylvania on Tuesday of last week killed five men and seriously injured twenty others.

A coalition government has been formed in Newfoundland, and the sectarian strife which has been going on for the past four years is now happily ended.

It is rumored that Mr. Andrew Robertson, chairman of the Harbor Commissioners, Montreal, who is now in England, has been knighted.

To-day (12th) Hanlan rows against time in an effort to break the three-mile record, at Lake Quinsigamond. If he succeeds he wins a purse of $500.

Samuel J. Tilden, democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States in 1876, died at his home near Yonkers, N. Y., on the 4th instant, at the age of 72 years.

There has been more rioting at Belfast. Military reinforcements have been sent from Dublin to assist in restoring peace. Several persons have been killed, and a large number wounded.

At St. Sylvestre, county of Lotbiniere, a quarrel between two farmers named respectively Keenan and Napert, resulted in the killing of Keenan on Thursday afternoon last, Napert cutting him in two with a scythe.

The Canadian Pacific people have secured the Canada Mutual telegraph system, to be worked with their own line, and are making connection with the Mackay-Bennett cable, giving connections all over the world.

A despatch from Washington says the belief is general among the members of the diplomatic corps that the United States will be forced into an open rupture with Mexico in a short time, owing to the imprisonment of an American citizen.

The first tea train over the C. P. R. arrived at Montreal on Friday night last. It contained part of the first cargo direct from Yokohama to Vancouver, B. C. The second tea ship arrived at Vancouver on Saturday. Two others are yet to arrive. The cargoes of all the vessels are brought east over the C. P. R.

The Canadian Artillery team are making quite a record at Shoeburyness. They won the Montreal challenge cup, against various British detachments, with a score of 66, the next highest being 36. In 64-pounders they won first prize, with 92 teams in the competition. They were not so successful in the repository drill, which has been the feature for Canadian teams of previous years.

Mr. George A. Greene and daughter, of Montreal, had a very narrow escape from drowning by the upsetting of their steam yacht near Lachine at one o'clock on Saturday morning. Workers on the new bridge heard their cries and succeeded in rescuing them. The yacht went down the rapids. Miss Greene, who is an expert swimmer, behaved in a most courageous manner, swimming by her father's side and holding him up till rescued.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

IN BAD HUMOR.

A year ago my head was covered with sores, and the eruption covered my face also, and spread even until the backs of my hands were sore. I became weak and ill. Finding no cure I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles perfectly cured me." Statement of Miss Minnie Stevenson, Cocagne, N. B.

Something About Trout.

A writer in Chambers's *Journal* records some interesting peculiarities of the trout. In a [illegible] in Sutherland are trout whose flesh is bright like a salmon's and yet [illegible] fit to be eaten. Also in a limestone tarn there are the very finest trout, which on the table are perfectly white in flesh; but in another limestone burn from the same source, or nearly so, the trout are quite different in appearance externally, but equally white in flesh, and equally delicious for eating. The writer says:

"I put a quarter pound trout, along with others, into a previously barren loch. In two years some of these trout [illegible] to four and a quarter pounds weight, developed huge fins, and square, or rounded tails, lost all spots, took on a coat of dark slime, grew huge teeth and became ferocious in that short time. The common burn trout taken from a very high rocky burn up in the hills, in two years became indistinguishable from salmo ferox. The first year they grew to a pound or a pound and a half, took on a bright silvery sheen of scales, were deep and high-shouldered, lusty and sweet. This was when their feeding and condition were at their best; but as food decreased, the trout rapidly increased in number, spawning in innumerable quantities, and with no enemies, the larger fish began to prey on the smaller, grew big teeth, swam deep and lost color, grew large fins and a big head, and became salmo ferox, so called."

The Equipoise of the Human Head.

The human head is nicely balanced on the spine. Compared with heads of lower type, this equipoise forms a prominent feature of man's estate. The head-mass of dog, horse, or elephant requires to be tied on, as it were, to the spine. Ligaments and muscular arrangements, of complex nature, perform their part in securing that the front extremity of these forms should be safely adjusted. But in man there is absence of effort apparent in Nature's ways of securing the desired end. The erect posture, too, is adjusted and arranged for on principles of neat economy. The type of body is the same as in lower life. Humanity appears before us as a modification, an evolution, but in no sense a new creation. Man rises from his "fore-legs"—arms being identical, be it remarked, with the anterior pair of limbs in lower life—and speedily there ensues an adaption of means to ends, and all in the direction of the economical conversion of the lower to the higher type of being. The head becomes balanced, and not secured, as we have seen, and thus a saving of muscular power is entailed. Adjustments of bones and joints take place, and the muscles of one aspect, say the front, of the body, counter-balance the action of those of the other aspect, the back; and between the two diverging tendencies the erect position is maintained practically without effort.—*Dr. Andrew Wilson.*

A young gentleman, speaking to a farm servant at a farm not thirty miles from Aberdeen, during the recent cholera scare, remarked—"It would be a serious business wouldn't it, if the cholera were to visit this country?" to which he received the reply—"Losh, man, ay, it wad be awfu'!" Adding, "And are they a fierce people?"

Breaking and Training Colts.

In breaking a colt the first lesson should be to turn him loose, either in a box stall or carriage house, and, with the whip in the right hand, slowly approach him and crack the whip. The colt will run away from you and generally go into the corner. Follow him up, however, and keep cracking the whip until he turns his head towards you. The moment he does this, stop right up to him and caress him on the point of the shoulder. If he should, as you approach him, whirl around and kick at you, keep your eyes open and quickly give him a sharp cut on the hind legs with the whip. By following this up carefully, in a very short time he will learn to his sorrow that when he turns away from you and attempts to let his heels fly, he receives [illegible] and [illegible] when he [illegible] treated well [illegible] any colt [illegible] to perceive this, on [illegible] minutes he will [illegible] you are [illegible] do. As he [illegible] his [illegible] no desire to kick. [illegible] a man's nostrils [illegible] to a [illegible] any object that [illegible] a feeling of fear in the horse you should allow him either to [illegible] and [illegible] to nose around [illegible] smell it until he is satisfied [illegible] less. For instance, before you attempt to put on the halter, hold it in your left hand and let him smell it; then buckle it on over his neck. Always be very calm and quiet in your manner, and talk softly to the horse, which goes a great way towards getting him accustomed to your presence.

If the colt endeavors to pull away after the halter is on, my plan is to circumvent him by a little strategy. Take a common clothes-line rope and make a large slip loop knot around the body, drawing it moderately tight, and pass the end up between the front legs through the halter. The reason for doing this is very apparent. He cannot understand how anything can pull the hind part of his body and his head at the same time; and on feeling the strain behind he will go forward, and thus you will accomplish your object without being compelled to use force. Taking the rope in the right hand and standing directly in front of the colt, say, in a decided manner, "Come here!" and at the same time pull the rope sharply. The colt will invariably move forward, and when he does so, caress him. Repeat this two or three times, until he will quickly move forward; then say, "Come here!"

Next, with the rope hitch him to the manger, or to a post, and, standing in front of him, open and shut umbrellas, shake buffalo robes and beat tin pans, in fact, make as much noise as possible without touching him. Of course he cannot think of two things at once, and the rope tied around him behind catches him by surprise, and he will end by giving up trying to get away when he finds that he is freer from pain when he is still than when jerking his head. For a very nervous horse put the rope as far forward as possible round the body. This treatment can be applied until he is thoroughly halter broken. The same arrangement is the most successful one in existence for halter pullers, and is also a most valuable assistant in leading a horse behind a waggon. How many people are at their wits' end continually when on a long ride with a horse tied to the carriage behind—and yet this simple invention would prevent it all, and they would not be obliged to even give the horse a thought.

The next lesson to be given the colt should be the harnessing. First, put on the open bridle with the straight bar bit, and run the lines back through the thill straps. Then teach the colt to turn to the right and to the left, and to stop at the word whoa. These lessons should never be longer than an hour each, and generally only two a day. Check reins I do not approve of, as, in my judgment, if a horse is [illegible] out style, you cannot [illegible] any by forcing him into it until you have thoroughly trained him how to drive. Then put on your check-reins and take him up gradually, elevating his head only to a natural position. In my opinion a colt should first be broken when about a year old, but never worked in a vehicle until he is at least five years of age; and, furthermore, I believe that a great many of our horses are almost ruined, or, at least greatly decreased in value, by being broken too young. Any good, practical man, with good judgment, can break a colt; yet he must never get impatient, but bear in mind that a colt is like a child just learning his A, B, C. All colts, of course, cannot be handled alike, and, as perhaps you have already inferred from the preceding, should each be handled according to his nature, while the common sense of the trainer should indicate the most advisable course to pursue.

A new French clock contains a novel application of the magnet. The clock appears like a tambourine with a circle of flowers painted on its parchment head. Around the circle crawl two bees, the larger requiring twelve hours to complete the circuit, while the smaller makes it every hour. The flowers represent hour divisions, and the bees, which are of iron, are moved by two magnets carried, just under the membrane, by the clockwork just inside the tambourine.

Professional Cards.

J. T. McPHERSON,
Surgeon Dentist
(Rooms over the [illegible])
HUNTINGDON, QUE.
WILL VISIT
ORMSTOWN:
EVERY FRIDAY
HOWICK:
FIRST WEDNESDAY
VALLEYFIELD:
SECOND & FOURTH WEDNESDAYS.
FRANKLIN CENTRE
THIRD TUESDAY
SPECIALTY.—The preservation of the Natural Teeth by Gold and Silver fillings. Best quality [illegible] Teeth [illegible] *Nitrous Oxide* [illegible] 500 patients without [illegible]
No charge made for extraction when replaced by Artificial.
My patrons will please [illegible] in Huntingdon [illegible]
N.B. Those having ill fitting artificial plates can have them made over at [illegible] cost.
Huntingdon, June 1st, 1886.

Dr. Allan McMillan,
Physician, Surgeon, &c
HUNTINGDON, QUE.
Office and residence, opposite Post Office.

W. SUTHERLAND, M.D.
ORMSTOWN, QUE,
SURGEON and PHYSICIAN,
Graduate of McGill College, Montreal 1871.
Office first door west of Matthew Kew's store.

George L. Jordan, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE at JORDAN BROTHERS Store, BURKE, N. Y. All calls by day or night promptly attended to Telephone connections. 5-tf

NOTARIAL! The undersigned begs leave to inform the public [illegible] in attendance at the office of R. HYNDMAN, Secretary Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Huntingdon, in the COUNTY BUILDING in the Village of Huntingdon, [illegible] and remain when detained by business. In the event of any Thursday being a non-judicial day, he will attend on the [illegible].
J. I. CREVIER, N.P.

E. FONTAINE, NOTARY PUBLIC Ormstown, representing the "Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien" Loan Society for the Parish of St. Malachie and the County of Huntingdon (except Hemmingford) will be in attendance at his office, every day to receive applications for the borrowing of money, except Thursdays, when he will attend at the Central Hotel, Huntingdon, for all notarial purposes. Great advantages to borrowers.
Mr. Fontaine also represents the Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co.
Ormstown, Oct. 22nd, 1885. 42

DONALD DOWNIE, B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, &
(of Downie & Lanctot)
50 St. James Street
MONTREAL
Will be at Muir's Hotel, Huntingdon last Saturday of every month.
Attends all courts in District of Beauharnois.
Accounts for collection addressed Montreal or left with Geo. Blackford S.C., Chateauguay St., Huntingdon receive prompt attention. Hours may be arranged for any evening.
43

A. E. MITCHELL, B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
HUNTINGDON.
Will attend all courts in the District. Quick collections, and returns made promptly. 13-1

ARCHIBALD, McCORMICK & DUCLOS,
ADVOCATES,
172½ Notre Dame Street.
MONTREAL.
Alderman J. S. ARCHIBALD, M.A., B.C.L., Professor Criminal Law, McGill College.
D. McCORMICK, B.C.L.
CHARLES A. DUCLOS, B.A., B.C.L.
Mr. McCormick will attend the Courts in Beauharnois, Ste. Martine and Huntingdon, and give special attention to the District.
Mr. Duclos will follow the Courts in and give special attention to the Districts of St. Hyacinthe and Bedford.
Accounts for collection may be addressed to the firm, Montreal, or M. S. McCoy, Huntingdon.

WHY MISS FORTUNE STAID IN THE CITY.

It was a hot day—one of those early hot days that are so exhausting—and Miss Fortune Wayland, tired with that provoking kind of shopping that consists in "matching things," turned into a fashionable ladies' restaurant for rest and refreshment. She was a calm, equable girl, not readily irritated, but it was a trifle annoying to have her quiet interrupted by the rustling, laughing and chattering of the very two girls whose company at that hour she would most of all have deprecated.

For she was dusty and heated and not in her freshest toilet, and Ida Vincent and Kate Crove had just stepped from their carriage in all the lustre and freshness of elegant spring costumes. They, of course could afford to be pleasant; it was a much harder thing for Fortune to smile and say: "Is it really you? I am glad to see you."

They sat down together, and began to eat ices and discuss toilets and summer plans. "We were going to Europe," said Ida; with a charming frankness, "but some one is going to the Branch, and of course we follow in his wake. Mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him."

"I know whom you mean, Ida; there is really no need for you to affect secrecy. It is Ray Symington. My mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him also."

"And pray who is Ray Symington?"

"As if you did not know, Fortune! Why, your father is his lawyer. He has been back for a month, and was at the Noeles' and the Hilliards' and—"

"Now I know whom you mean," said Fortune. "He used to come a great deal to our house before he went abroad. That is six years since. I was only a school-girl then, but from what I remember of Ray Symington I think he will never fall in love with any woman except one made to order. However, he does not concern me. I have fringes on my mind at present. So I will say good-by, girls."

"Wait a quarter of an hour, and we will take you as far as Aitkin's."

"Thanks; I can not wait; I am to meet mamma and Gertrude at Madame Decimer's. Adieu."

Fortune was walking down Broadway again, and this time without the least sense of heat or fatigue. She was calling to remembrance some autumn days six years ago when she had first seen Ray Symington. What a happy September and October it had been! She had come into town early in order to enter school at the commencement of the session, and had been alone with her father. During these days Ray had been much with them, and she had sat listening happily to his travels by land and sea, and heard him discuss with Mr. Wayland scientific subjects in which both of them were interested. How often she had brought them tea or coffee while they sat talking, and what pleasant words and looks he had given her!

Nay, there had been something more than this. One night when Mr. Wayland had been called out on business, and they two sat alone by the little open fire that the chill October night made necessary, Ray had held her hand and said sorrowfully, "Fortune, will you forget me when I go over the sea, and never remember the pleasant nights we three have had together?"

"If they were pleasant, why do you go away?" she asked softly.

"You almost tempt me to ask to stay; but you are so young it would be unfair. I am an old man, child, travelled and disillusioned; it would be unfair. You must see the world first, Fortune; and then—and then if you remember me, ah, how happy I shall be! Give me the rose at your belt, dear child. Perhaps you will think of me till it withers."

"I shall never forget you."

But Ray either misdoubted the young, inexperienced heart, or he feared to trust the future with it. He only kissed the rose, and kissed the hand that gave it, and in an hour there was an end of Fortune's young romance.

Perhaps just in this very hour her good fate had turned toward her, for what she had failed to find and failed to do all the morning now came easily to her hand; and even such straws as finding the exact trimming wanted may show that the contrary wind has changed and a favoring gale sprung up. She was not conscious of reasoning in this way, but she felt a change, and under its influence looked so bright and happy that, when she met her mother and sister at Madame Decimer's, Mrs. Wayland chose to feel irritated at it.

"You are so contradictious, Fortune!" she said. "Here you are, looking as fresh and happy as possible, while poor Gertrude and I are worried to death. It is too aggravating!"

"What is the matter, mamma?"

"Your father is so provoking! He came home early to-day, just because he knew we had an appointment with madame; and he talked such nonsense about not being able to afford this and that that it really took all interest out of our spring costumes. Besides, he actually wanted me to stay at home this summer, and send you and Gertrude with your aunt Lucy—and it's Gertrude's first season! He never has a particle of consideration."

"Mamma, I do not care about going away. I have had six seasons, and, as you say, done nothing with them. Spend what money you have on Gerty."

"But what will people say?"

"Never mind people. Papa is far from well—say that I am staying to take care of him. I am sure some one ought to do it, especially as he can not possibly leave the city."

Fortune was quite reconciled to the lot she had proposed for herself when she saw how happy the plan made her father.

"I have not forgot, Fortune," he said, "what a splendid little housekeeper you made six years ago."

So Mrs. Wayland and her younger daughter went to the Branch and Fortune and her father lived together in a regular quiet fashion that was the greatest luxury to the overworked lawyer. Twice Mr. Symington had called before the ladies left, and both times Fortune missed him. The call seemed to have made little impression on the family. Mrs. Wayland said he had aged a great deal, and Gertrude said he was ugly and cross and old; and there Fortune's romance ended.

"He asked after you, Fortune," said Gertrude, carelessly, as she was examining her new riding hat, "and mamma told him you were absorbed in toilets at present. So he said, 'Pray do not disturb the young lady; I dare say she has forgotten me.'"

In about two weeks Gertrude's letters began to name Mr. Symington very frequently. He and his cousin, Col. Hill, had called on them, and Gertrude thought both gentlemen "very nice." Pretty soon every letter was full of the two names. They were the key note to which all Gertrude's life seemed to be set, and Fortune noticed that Ray Symington was the prevailing refrain.

Even Mr. Wayland began to speculate on the possibilities of so intimate an acquaintance. "I do not think it would do, Fortune," he said one evening after he had read and re-read a letter from his wife. "Gerty and Symington I mean. She is so fond of society, and he never cared for it. It would not do; all the money in the world would not make them happy. Mr. Symington is——"

"Here, my dear old friend. The servant told me where you were, and I took the liberty of coming without announcement as I used to do."

He had taken Fortune's hand, and stood looking in her face. Then he drew a chair between father and daughter, and sat down. He had come on business, he said, but it would keep till next day; there was plenty else to talk about, and it must have been very interesting matter, for the three sat together chatting happily until the church clocks were striking midnight all around.

It was about the alteration of some property that Mr. Symington had returned. There were dwelling houses to be turned into stores, and he had decided to stay in the city until the architect had finished the plans. It was very hot weather, and the architect could not be hurried, and Ray was in no mood to hurry him. So the days came and went in a slow dreamy monotony that every one seemed perfectly happy with.

Ray generally strolled in to Mr. Wayland's as they were taking breakfast, and Fortune gave him a cup of coffee. He sipped it, and talked over the news in the morning papers. Then the two gentlemen went down town together, and Fortune took her sewing into the coolest room, and found her own thoughts pleasant enough company until afternoon. Before dinner she went with her father to drive in the Park; and they generally met Ray before they returned home. Sometimes he rode home at their side, sometimes he gave his horse to his servant, and took a seat beside Fortune in Mr. Wayland's carriage. When he did so he stayed to dinner, and when he stayed to dinner he stayed until midnight.

They did not even talk together; he had fallen into the habit of asking her assent to any of his opinions by a look, which she generally answered by a bright, intelligent little nod of acquiescence; and when he had received this he went on with his argument.

But perhaps this silent understanding of each other was more dangerous than words; at any rate, Fortune felt it to be so. She could not disguise from herself that Ray Symington usurped more exclusively than ever all her thoughts and hopes, and yet she was forced to admit that he seemed unconscious of his power over her. She noticed that Gertrude had never named him since he left the Branch, and she wondered what this apparent indifference could mean. It must be one of two things—either Gertrude cared nothing at all for him, or she cared a great deal.

One morning, as she was handing Ray a cup of coffee, he had a number of letters in his hand, and in his effort to relieve her speedily he let them drop. They scattered sufficiently to allow her to see that two of them were directed by Gertrude. There was no mistaking her small, running, insignificant writing.

After this discovery she withdrew more and more from the conversation of the gentlemen, and the bright, intelligent looks with which she had used to answer Ray's inquiring glances were more and more at fault. He saw and felt the change, but failed to draw the proper inference.

Things had indeed come to a position in which it seemed to Fortune folly to nurse longer a sentiment which it was evident Ray had not the slightest desire to reciprocate. She would at once give up everything that encouraged so barren a love. Letters to destroy she had none, and as far tokens or souvenirs, she had only that one ancient brooch of a dead world to give up. It was not a pretty ornament, and she had never worn it; but Ray had told her that it was very precious to him, and valued above gold and silver. Yet he had made no inquiries about its welfare, and no remarks about her not wearing it. If he valued it so much, he should have it back; it was the only link between them, and it should be broken at once.

She walked to her desk and took it out of the little box in which it had lain for years. She laid it in her palm, and it seemed to glow and burn and reflect a thousand lights. It was lovely. It was very dear to her. She kissed it with passionate fervor. She threw herself on the sofa and wept some very bitter tears for the death of a dream so tender and so lovely, and she felt that all the sweetness and dew of her youth went with it.

But as she lay weeping, Ray stepped quietly up to her side. He took her in his arms, and tenderly kissed away the sad, large tears. "Darling," he said, "I have seen all. You have kept my token; you were weeping over it. You love me, Fortune—you love me. Do not now deny it!"

"How dare I love you, Ray?"

"How dare you not to love me? Have I not carried your image in my heart for six years? I won't have my token back, and I won't leave you until you say that you will be my wife. Think of it a moment."

"It is enough, Ray. I have thought only of you for six years."

"Then, my sweet Fortune, let us be married to-morrow—to-day. Why should we delay longer?"

"One thing, Ray, I must ask you. I saw two letters from Gertrude among the paper you dropped one morning."

"Gertrude has written me in all six letters."

"Oh!"

"About my cousin Hill. Hill loves her desperately, and Gertrude has been teasing him to the point of distraction. I have written and given her some good advice; she needed it."

There are no advocates like lovers. They speak with the tongues of men and angels, and Ray won his case—in a manner. There was a hurried visit of Mrs. Wayland and Miss Gertrude to New York, and the next day all the fashionable world knew that Ray Symington had been married in the most unfashionable season and in the most unfashionable manner to Miss Fortune Wayland.

MAXWELL AN IMITATOR.

The St. Louis Mystery Outlined in Fiction Years Ago

Everything under the sun is said to be a matter of precedent, but it is certainly rather startling to encounter in literature a parallel to the grotesque horror and *outré* conception of the murder of Arthur Preller. Such however, exists in a little work published upwards of fifteen years ago—the work of Robert Louis Stevenson, who has lately come into prominence as the author of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is entitled "The Story of the Physician and the Saratoga Trunk." The tale deals with a young man who was done to death in a strange room at a hotel occupied by one Silas Scuddamore, and goes on to describe the scene when Silas and a Dr. Noel are alone with the body, and seeking to conceal the evidence of the crime. It is there that the following passage occurs, beginning with the Doctor speaking to Scuddamore:

"'Your case is desperate upon that score, and for the narrow eye of the authorities you are infallibly the guilty person.'

"He turned toward the bed and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"'Quite dead,' he murmured; 'yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty. Yes, and the name cut off the shirt. I noticed a little while ago that you have there, in the corner, one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow-countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections, but now I begin to have a glimmer. One thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body.'

"The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter upon the floor, and then—Silas taking the heels and the Doctor supporting the shoulders—the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed, and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both, the lid was forced down upon the unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded.

"'Now,' said the Doctor, 'the first step has been taken on the way to your deliverance. To-morrow, or rather to-day, it must be your task to allay the suspicions of the porter, paying him all you owe.'"

The story then proceeds to describe the horror of Silas alone in a hotel with the dead man in the trunk, and says:—

"He went down to dinner about 7 at night, but the yellow coffee-room appalled him; the eyes of the other diners seemed to rest on his with suspicion, and his mind remained upstairs with the Saratoga trunk. When the waiter came to offer him his cheese his nerves were already so much on edge that he leaped half way out of his chair and upset the remainder of a pint of ale upon the table-cloth."

In reading this, one can see Maxwell furtively slipping into the Southern ordinary on that fatal Sunday night, talking wildly to the waiter, Arlington, and finally nervously pushing away the [illegible] he cannot drink. It is an almost perfect companion picture. The singular parallel is concluded in the description of the vigil in the hotel room that night, the body of the murdered man in a trunk in a corner.

"There all night long, a prey to the most terrible imaginations, he watched beside the fatal boxful of dead flesh. Midnight had sounded some time, when, impelled by uneasy suspicion, he opened his bedroom door and peered into the passage. It was dimly lighted by a single jet of gas, and some distance off he perceived a man in the costume of a hotel under-servant."

At this point the real parallel with the Maxwell case ends. The passage quoted certainly form a coincidence worthy of attention, and rob Maxwell of the claim of originality in his crime.—*Globe Democrat.*

Badgering a Witness.

The local J. P. is not always free from the suspicion that his education has been neglected; but one of the most astonishing exhibitions which a public man has ever made of himself was witnessed in a police court in the North of Ireland some little time ago. The local newspapers did not give it publicity, and now it goes to the world for the first time. A case of assault was being investigated, and the attorney for the defence—a noted bully—was at work on a witness who professed to have seen the prisoner's performance. My informant was present, and he tells me that this is, as nearly as he can recollect, an exact description of what took place.

Attorney—You say, sir, you saw the prisoner there. You appear to have seen everything. You're a man of keen observation. Tell me, now, did you see Socrates there?

Witness—Eh!

Attorney—Was Socrates there? (Pause.) Was Agamemnon there? Was he?

Witness—I—I—I don't know him by that name. (Laughter.)

Attorney—You don't know him! Yet you saw everything. Was Pygmalion there? Did you see Marc Antony there? Was Marc Antony standing on the edge of the crowd? (No answer.) Don't you know they were there, sir? (No answer.) Come, sir, on your oath, sir, can you swear that Hannibal was not there? (No answer.)

Magistrate—See, see, witness, you're not serving your case by this concealment. Just tell the Court whether any of *them* parties *was* there.—*London World.*

School Teacher—"Now, Master Thomson, tell me the denominations into which money is coined?" Master Thomson—"Don't know." School Teacher—"Don't you know how the money your father brings home every Saturday night is divided?" Master Thomson—"'Taint divided. Ma takes it all."

Keep Clean.

The matter exuded from the glands of which the pores are the outlets, is of a sticky nature, and not only has it a tendency to adhere to the edges of the pores and close them, but it also holds the dust that falls upon it. In the summer the pores are closed most rapidly, because then the perspiration is most profuse, and there is most dust in the atmosphere. The filth that clogs the pores can be removed most easily by the use of soap and water, or bathing. Hence bathing often enough to keep the pores open is essential; and it should be most frequent at this season. A house in the city is not considered complete without a bath-room; yet very few farm houses have such a room, although the farmer should bathe oftener, perhaps, than any other person. The absence of bath-rooms in our houses shows our indifference to one of the most important methods of maintaining our health. The cost of a bath-room is but little, and every house should have one. But its lack is no excuse for not bathing. We can at least have a tub. And while we know that many of our readers will be incredulous when we say it, yet we know that the sounder sleep and greater bodily vigor attained through bathing makes it profitable to it from a labor standpoint alone, not considering the gain in comfort and health. We know this, [illegible] speak from our own experience of it on the farm.

Indian Sword Performers.

The favorite sword [illegible] feats in India is [illegible] pata. The swordsman will first [illegible] the keenness of his weapon, and his command of its weight, by cutting in two a leaf laid flat in the outstretched palm of a friend, or by cutting a cloth hanging loose in the air. He will [illegible] one sword on each hand, and, so armed, springing from his feet on the level ground, will throw somersaults backward and forward, following each movement with a wondrously complicated and simultaneous gyration of both swords round his head and body. He will have the naked sword, more than five feet long, double-edged, sharp-pointed, and keen as a razor, lashed from the back of his neck down his back, and will again, from his naked feet, repeat the somersaults. Again, with sword and shield in his hands, he will leap headforemost through the stretched-out loop of a rope, held by two men at the height of their heads, as a circus-rider leaps through a paper hoop, and light safely on his feet. Small wonder if the gaping crowd of spectators applauds vociferously; that the carpet of the plucky athlete is soon covered with a harvest of small change; and that the recurring festivals, with their profitable opportunities, prevent the knowledge of the old sword [illegible] from dying out.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

His Capacity for Beer

A stone cutter, whose office adjoined his stone yard, was seated in his office when a friend called on him and they discussed several topics together, among them as to what extent lager beer was an intoxicant. The stonecutter said there was a man at work in the yard pointing to a brawny obese German who could drink a bucket three gallons of beer at one sitting and feel none the worse for it. The friend doubted and a wager was made and the workman called, who, when asked if he could drink that much (pointing to a large bucketful of beer at one sitting, replied: "Vell, I don't know: I lets you know after a vile." The German went away and, after remaining fifteen minutes, returned and said: "Yes, I can trink dot beer." The bucket of beer was procured and placed before the German, who very soon absorbed the last drop and arose from his seat wiping his mouth with his sleeve. He was walking away with a firm step when his employer recalled him and said:—"See here, my friend and I have some curiosity to know why you did not drink the beer when first asked." The German replied:—"Vell, I dond know dot I could drink it, so I vent out und tried a bucket, den I know I could do it."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Doctor's Confession.

A young St. Louis doctor said to a reporter: "You frequently see funny expressions in print about doctors killing their patients. Well, the thing is often true. I, myself, acknowledge to having killed two patients. I killed them outright, and make no bones of confessing the fact. One man I killed by prescribing morphine at a time when his system was not strong enough to stand the dose. He left an estate, and there was some excitement about dividing the estate. His wife was charged with poisoning him. The remains were exhumed, and there was a great to-do about the matter, but I pulled through it all right. The other man was suffering from a prolonged spree, and I gave him chloral, which killed him. It was an out-and-out murder, but the coroner held an inquest, and attributed his death to Jim Jams. These two people I know I killed, and, as I am yet young, and there are more poisonous agents than those I have so far experimented with, I expect to kill more people before I die.—*N. Y. Medical Advocate.*

Russia in future will not confer orders or decorations on British, American, or Swiss subjects, because their respective Governments do not decorate Russian subjects.

Lemon Cream.—Dissolve three lbs. of white sugar in two pints of water, let it come to a boil, add the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, boil four minutes, stirring all the time, when cold add the juice of four large lemons and bottle tightly. When desired to use, pour four tablespoonfuls of the mixture in half a glass of water, and add to it one fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, stir well and drink while foaming.

WIT AND WISDOM.

An old bachelor compares life to a shirt button, because it so often hangs by a thread.

"Where would we be without women?" asks a writer. We would be all right; but the little pug dog—where would it be?

"Boy, what is your name?" "Robert, sir." "Yes that is your Christian name, but what is your other name?" "Bob, sir."

What nose is more brilliant than a toper's nose? Why, volca-nos, to be sure. But remember that the chief glow of each comes from the crater.

Flaminius, being accused of buying a handsome villa with the public spoils, indignantly exclaimed—"Well, supposing I did, isn't it the first duty of a general to make good his retreat?"

The boy who was twelve years old last year, but has recently scored another birthday, should not be permitted to eat with the family, because thirteen at table is considered very unlucky.

Gibbs—"So the man was killed at the hotel, was he?" Squibbs—"Yes, shot right in the rotunda." Gibbs—"Great Scott! No wonder it killed him. That's a terrible place to hit a man."

AGRICULTURAL.—(Scene in a country Sabbath school; Bible lesson—Golgotha, the place of skulls.) Teacher—"Well, what is a place of skulls?" Bright Little Girl—"A thing for haulin' scoops in." Collapse.

An Irishman, meeting another, asked him, "What has become of our friend John?" "Alas, my dear," replied the other, "poor John was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."

First Dutchman—"Jake, vot you going to give your son for a birthday present?" Second do.—"I don't know; it's putty hard times. I guess I has some buddons sewed on his clothes." First do.—"Yes, dat's so. I guess I has my boy's hair cut."

"What! Women overworked? Fudge! Think of the men!" "Ah, but you know the old saying, 'Woman's work is never done!'" "I know it; and that's the reason she oughtn't to complain for a man has to do his work or lose his job?"

An old North Sea skipper, who was asked to buy a parcel of life-belts for his vessel's use, waxed eloquent in the sublimity of his contempt. "Take 'em away," said the old salt; "don't let me see such long-shore rubbish on my decks. I don't want no life-belts, nor no smelling-salts, nor no eau de-Cologne, nor no feeding-bottles or fans aboard of me. Them as sail in my ship has got to stick to her as I do; and if she goes down, why I expects them in duty bound to go along with her."

The Vocalist of the Rockies.

The burro is a condensed jackass. He is little all over except his ears and voice. He has long hair all over his body, four legs, two ears, and one tail. As a vocalist the burro stands without a rival. He starts off with a low, sweet "Ohy-ho-ohy-ho haw ho, haw-haw-haw-he, haw!" and keeps it up until you tremble for his life; and just as you think he will surely stop, or die and get out of misery, he disappoints all your fond expectations by turning on a little more sound, reversing the action, and retracting all that he has just said. A vocal solo rendered by an equine burro is an experience never to be forgotten. I have seen strong men moved to tears as they listened to his sweet but melancholy cadence because they had no club or battering ram with which to show their appreciation and soothe their perturbed spirits. The burro cannot sing without raising his tail. As his vocal organs limber up, his tail ascends until it is extended in a horizontal straight line, and from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail he is one continuous, harmonious, exultant wave of sound. I used to think the burro sang with his tail, but this was a mistake. But this I know from experience: The best way to ride a burro is to hire a cowboy to do it for you.—*American Musical Journal.*

When Dooley isn't behind on his board bill he is apt to be outspoken to an offensive degree.

"Do you know why, Mrs. Hendricks," he said to his landlady recently, as he held a soft boiled egg which he had just opened as far out of his reach as possible, "do you know why you and this egg are somewhat alike in one respect?"

"Why?" she asked with frigid interrogation.

"Because you have both seen better days."

Physiology of Dessert.

After the meal come the bread, cheese and dessert. The bread will, no doubt, supply additional dextrin and the cheese additional albuminoids; but if we direct our attention only to the stomach and to chemical changes which are going on in it, it is not quite easy to see why bread, cheese and dessert should be taken at the end of dinner. If we turn our attention, however, to the circulation and the nervous system, and remember the effect which I have already mentioned as produced upon them by the mastication and deglutition of savory food, we can at once see a good reason for the common manner of terminating a dinner. In order to supply abundant gastric juice for the digestion of the food introduced into it, the stomach requires an abundant supply of food, and the nervous system must be kept active in order to respond to the calls made upon it. The savory cheese, swallowed in small morsels, and the sweet fruits, which strongly stimulate the nerves of taste, or nuts, which require considerable mastication, cause an abundant flow of blood to the nerve centres; while the frequent movements of swallowing stimulate the heart and increase the rapidity of the general circulation.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

An Alleged Daughter of Burns.

Under the head of "A Link with the Past," a correspondent sends the following to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"It will surprise many, and may interest a few, of your readers to learn that there died at Moffat, on the 13th of last month, a veritable, although illegitimate, daughter of the poet Burns. The old lady in question, Helen Armstrong by name, who was ninety-seven or ninety-eight years of age, resided for many years in Moffat, in the same little back street in which she was born somewhere about the year 1788. The fact of her relationship to Burns was well known in Moffat and the neighborhood. Her mother, Nelly Hyslop, was a beauty in her day, and Burns was for some time a devoted admirer of hers. Helen is said to have borne a strong resemblance to Burns in her earlier days, and indeed the likeness to the portraits of Burns was traceable to the last in the contour of the face and in the dark bright eyes, dimmed as they were by age and sickness. Nor was the likeness confined to physical points: in her mental powers Helen showed a strain of the poetic blood. A few years ago her conversational powers and her quickness of repartee were most amusing and attractive. Even a few months since, when well enough to talk, her conversation was highly interesting. Helen's life, as far as I can learn, was not a very eventful one. She went to service at a very early age—seven, I think. She belonged to that genus of Scotch servants, still extant though rather rare, who remain years in one 'place,' and identify their employers' interests with their own. She was thirty years in one situation at the Buccleuch Arms Inn at Thornhill, with a family named Glendinning. I believe she lived there till all the family had died out.

Thornhill, as every schoolboy knows or ought to know, is close to Drumlanrig Castle, one of the ducal palaces of the Buccleuch family. Helen told me she once saw Sir Walter Scott at the old inn on his way to visit the duke at Drumlanrig. He came into the kitchen and shook hands with the cook in his bright and genial way, and stepping up to the fire, where hung a huge pot of shinny potatoes, he lifted up the lid, took out a potato, and proceeded leisurely to eat it without the aid of knife or fork. The cook, who was very proud of her kitchen, had all her metal ware brightly burnished, and Sir Walter, looked round on it, remarked, "Eh, Lucky, ye hae a' bricht and shining like the siller." To which Lucky replied, "Ay, Sir Walter; but its no' a' goold that glitters." Helen thought that was a very sharp answer, and believed Sir Walter thought so too, as he subsequently related it at dinner "among the gentry." Helen's reminiscences, when she was well enough to be in good conversational trim, were such as might be expected in the case of one who, in her own words, "had had a long life and had seen muckle." She added, with pious thanksgiving and a touch of true Scottish independence, that in all her long life she had never had to ask charity from any one. The old lady lived entirely alone, her husband having been dead for many years, and she had no family. It is pleasing to know that her last days were relieved and brightened by the kindness of friends in Moffat, who had a great liking and respect for Helen, not only as an interesting link with a past which already seems far distant, but also as a type of Scotch character which is unfortunately growing rapidly rarer. Independently of the interest attaching to her as a daughter of Burns, she was a character worth knowing.

The Singing Voice.

Song may be said to differ from speech as dancing does from walking. It is rhythmic, varied, and sustained use of voice, as compared with an irregular, broken, and more or less monotonous delivery. The range of the whole human voice, from the lowest note of the bass to the highest of the soprano, is a little over five octaves. The compass of individual voices is of course much smaller, the average being probably of little more than two octaves. A range of three octaves is exceptional, and one of four almost prodigious. Woman's voice is higher in pitch than man's because her vocal cords are smaller; the difference in *timbre* on the other hand, depends on the difference in the size of the resonance chambers, and in the density of their walls. Up to the so-called "cracking" period the boy's voice is undistinguishable from the woman's except by its comparative lack of richness and volume, and, above all, by its want of soul. The boy's voice, even when most beautiful, is to the woman's what new wine without body or bouquet is to a rich, ripe Burgundy, made fragrant and mellow by the subtle chemistry of time.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

Ventilation of the Sick Room.

In pure air there are only 4 parts in 10,000 of carbonic acid gas, whereas in the air we expire there are 400 parts in 10,000; 150 such parts are enough to cause severe headache; and if increased to 500 parts in 10,000, death might be the result. The sleeping room should be sufficiently large to contain at least 1,000 cubic feet of air for each person. Each person gives off about 16 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in 24 hours; 16 cubic feet of oxygen is absorbed by the lungs; it has been calculated that at least 3,000 cubic feet of fresh should be supplied every hour for each person; the air would thus have to be changed every hour in a room containing 3,000 cubic feet of air, in a room containing 1,500 cubic feet the air would have to be changed twice; and in one containing 1,000 cubic feet, three times. Now experience proves that in a cold country it is impossible to change the air in a room more than three or four times in an hour without creating a perceptible draught, and, therefore, the room should contain, as I said before, at least 1,000 cubic feet of air for each person. In illness more air is required than in health, the sick person being entirely dependent on the air of the room for a supply of oxygen.

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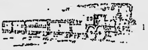

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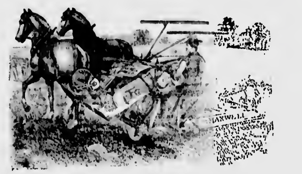

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THE ADVOCATE.

HUNTINGDON, AUGUST 12, 1886.

A Conservative Association of Huntingdon has resolved not to oppose Dr. Cameron. Where now is the *Advocate's* dark horse?—*St. Johns' News.*

The Conservative Association of Huntingdon being in accord with the views and policy of the present provincial Government, and Dr. Cameron having successfully compacted with the Government so as to prevent opposition on their part to his re-election, the "Advocate's dark horse" has been allowed to return to pasture.

At last we have Dr. Cameron taking a *position*. In the last issue of the *Gleaner* the following letter appeared :—

To the Editor of the Canadian Gleaner:

Sir,—As it is currently reported, and industriously circulated, that I, sometime during the last session of the legislature, or sometime since then, in order to avoid a contest in the approaching provincial election, signed an agreement or some document purporting to be an agreement, with the Provincial Government, or some one, or more, of its members promising unqualified support on all ministerial questions in the next Parliament, or something to that effect; allow me to say that such a report or statement is entirely without foundation—absolutely and literally untrue. I never, directly or indirectly, by a written agreement or otherwise, apart from my public utterances, indicated what course I would feel incumbent on me to pursue in the event of my being again returned as the representative of this county. My course in the past is free matter for criticism, but I hold it to be unfair, ungenerous and unmanly to charge me with what I did not do, and had no intention of doing.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. Cameron.
Huntingdon, August 5th, 1886.

We have no reason to doubt the authenticity of the letter, it is so characteristic of the Doctor. A more ambiguous effusion could scarcely be penned, even by himself. It really bears out the opinion we have hitherto expressed and still maintain, namely, that Dr. Cameron is a political trimmer, trimming his sails to every favoring breeze. As to the "reports" which the Doctor complains of, we shall have something to say later on, when we shall leave it to our readers to say who is the more "unfair, ungenerous and unmanly,"—the author of the above letter or the author of the "reports."

In Belfast, rioting has been renewed. During the election of members of Parliament, the centre of Ireland's linen trade was painfully conspicuous by reason of riots between Catholics and Orangemen. The city was swayed by mob rule for a time and many lives were lost, personal injury inflicted and property destroyed. The Nationalists have since contended that the riots were planned for the purpose of influencing the elections in England and Scotland, as many electors in both countries gave heed to the cry that Irishmen were unable to govern themselves. However that may be, the ardor of the faction in Belfast is still great and several outbreaks have occurred during the past two weeks. The military were called out to quell the riots and late advices report order to have been restored, at least for the present.

It is announced that Mr. Hamilton, under Secretary for Ireland, will shortly be removed, and will be succeeded by an Irishman.

Hochelaga Convent.

Thursday last His Grace Archbishop Fabre performed a very imposing ceremony at Hochelaga Convent. At 8 o'clock a.m., the doors of the community chapel were thrown open to allow the ingress of over twenty-five young ladies who in a few moments were to bid adieu to the world by consecrating themselves to the Eternal Spouse. Among the candidates elect we had the happiness to remark Miss Leahy, daughter of the late Mr. Leahy of St. Anicet, in religion Sister Mary Winnifred, who, kneeling at the feet of the pontiff pronounced in a solemn tone of voice her three final vows. We congratulate the parents on the honor and blessing which this offering devolves on them. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Jas. Lonergan, P. P. of St. Bridget's who had been specially invited for the delightful occasion. An erudite and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Vignon, S. J., during which he referred to the happiness and consolations found in the monastic life. The spacious sanctuary was literally filled with priests who had come to witness the solemn ceremony. The chapel was beautifully decorated, multifarious streamers hung from the sacred edifice affording a pleasing spectacle to the large concourse of friends and acquaintances who from an early hour had graced the convent halls. The ceremony concluded, His Grace accompanied by his Rev. clergy proceeded to partake of an exquisite dinner which was served with much taste. After dinner the Rt. Rev. Archbishop followed by a train of priests repaired to the reception room, where in presence of the community an address was read, to which His Grace responded in glowing terms. The hall was æsthetically ornamented, showing the esteem in which these ladies hold their pastor, at the same time the talent and ability for which the ladies of Hochelaga Convent are noted. These zealous religieuse deserve our most sincere felicitations for the incessant efforts and sacrifices they make to sow the good seed among the rising youth.—*Com.*

The Situation in Hops.

New York, Aug. 7.—There were no particularly new features as far as operations by the local trade are concerned. Dealers seem still to be very cautious, with a marked disinclination to part with hops of good body, flavor and keeping qualities; but a willingness shown in some quarters to let go at about 24c to 26c a well appearing but doubtful keeping quality. It is worthy of remark that brewers are showing more interest. Several were in the market for fine goods previously offered at 25c, but were unsuccessful in finding the same except at a good margin over the rate. As a matter of fact 27c to 29c was as low as they could secure a desirable article. For the comparatively few really choice goods here, holders will not go below 30c. Letters from the interior stated that some New York dealers were there and offering to sell fine goods at 25c, but withdrawing when met by offers to take the stock. Several contracts were made by brewers for 1886 Pacific coast hops at 45c, and we heard of a contract for 1886 States at 40c recently. The San Francisco *Herald* estimates the Pacific coast crop at 40,000 bales. Cable advices from Europe reported increased strength, both in England and on the continent; one cable stated that estimates of the German crop were reduced to one-half of last year's yield and that estimates of the English crops had been modified from £350,000 old duty to £250,000 old duty. Neither telegrams nor letters noted any decided change in the interior markets of this state, but suggest that statisticians in certain quarters are becoming somewhat skeptical about the accuracy of their previous guesses on the supply for the coming season.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

The Cooperstown, N. Y., *Republican* says :—"Growers who have hops of 1885 on hand do not care to sell yet, although 30 cents is freely offered, and sales at auction last week show as high as 34 cents paid. An offer of 38 and 40 cents for the Poland lot in Cherry Valley is reported."

At Montreal transactions have occurred at 30c per lb. for 1885 hops.

Hops of last year's crop sold in the western part of the state last week at 40 cents.—*Ft. Covington Sun.*

New York, August 9.—A sale was made here to-day of a round lot of 1885 Pacifics, choice quality, at 27½c, and this may be considered a fair test of market values. Cables at hand were somewhat variable with respect to the status of the English crop, some calling the condition good, and others stated that mould is spreading.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

If you wish to color wool, cotton, silk or feathers, use the new Electric Dyes, strongest and best in the world. 10 cents at all dealers.

Crockett, The Lion Tamer.

Crockett made the greatest name for himself of any lion-tamer, not in England alone, but also in France, Germany and America. I remember well the time when the six lions were loose at one time in Astley's, when old Batty had the place. The Sangers had sent the beasts up from Edmonton the night before. Nobody to this day knows for certain how they got out of their dens; but it was thought at the time that some of the grooms—with whom Batty never was very popular, he used to fine them so mercilessly—had let them loose maliciously, that they might get at the horses. There they were, anyhow, loose and mad in the place, smelling the horses, and mad to get at them. They had already killed a man, and half eaten him, when Crockett arrived; without halting an instant, he dashed in among them single-handed, with only a switch in his hand, and I'm blest if he didn't manage to den them all single-handed. That was nerve for you. At that time Crockett never drank. Crockett's history was a strange one. His mother was the finest woman I ever saw. She was exhibited for twenty years as "Miss Cross, the Nottinghamshire Giantess." She stood six feet nine, and broad in proportion, with quite a beautiful face. His father was a musician, he used to play the key bugle, and the pair made a good deal of money. The way Crockett came to be a lion king was curious. He was a fine-looking, imposing man, a musician in Sangers' Circus, but with a bad chest, which playing affected. When Howes and Cushing came over from America with their circus about fifteen years ago, they proved to be too many for the home circuses of the day, and, in search of novelty, the Sangers determined to try performing lions from a menagerie. Crockett, being a fine looking man, was offered the billet to perform them. Naturally he was a man of no nerve for lion performing, or any other calling requiring determination; but after seeing two or three others go into the den with impunity he accepted the job, and followed the profession to the day of his death. Howes and Cushing took him to America at [illegible] a week to perform the animals they had bought from the Sangers; and after being in the States for about two years, he fell down dead as he was "going on" about mid-day, between the dressing room and the circus. This was at Chicago. Crockett was born at Presteign in Radnorshire, and several times was severely torn with performing lions.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria's, Long Walk.

The Empress Elizabeth has been in the habit of taking long walks every day some fifteen or twenty miles, generally accompanied by only her maid of honor. A short time ago they were going to Rastadt, a little town about twelve miles from here, containing a royal school and barracks, where they lost their way. They were in despair, but were relieved by meeting two private soldiers, whom they took as guides, not telling whom they were. The Empress walked with one of the soldiers, the maid of honor with the other for the whole afternoon, conversing very pleasantly. The Empress told her companion that she was an Austrian, and would like to see him again, inviting him to call upon her the next day, and giving him her address. The day arrived—so did the soldier—he was ushered into a room, where he met the Colonel of his regiment, who questioned him about his behavior the day before. The poor soldier was struck dumb with horror when he found with whom he had chatted in such a friendly manner, as Her Majesty dresses very simply when she goes on those tramps, and had simply told him that her name was Elizabeth; he, of course, had no idea of her exalted rank. She presented him with twenty marks.—*Letter from Baden-Baden, Germany.*

The President's Salary.

A great deal of talk has been occasioned by the mention of the fact that the President always used new money. Some people laughed at the idea that he handed a crisp new $100 bill to Dr. Sunderland for his marriage fee, and, again, that he put a crisp new $5 bill in the collection plate at the Oakland church. People said, "why, the President must have money made especially for him." The truth is, the President always receives new notes direct from the Treasury. He never gets old notes, except in change when he pays a bill or makes a purchase. The United States Treasurer, on the last day of each month, sends the President his salary—$4,166.66—the odd change in bright new silver and copper cents, and the notes all new and of the latest issue. Mr. Cleveland, like his predecessors, keeps a private bank account with Riggs & Co., and the day he gets his salary he makes a deposit, reserving enough to pay current expenses. It is said that his account has shown as large a balance as $85,000, as he has an income besides his official salary. Before he entered public life he made from $10,000 to $15,000 a year by his practice, and his expenses were not more than $2,500. He has saved much of his first year's salary, but now that he is married his expenses will increase.—*Baltimore American.*

British Pluck.

The story of the "drunken private of the Buffs" is deserving of a word or two. It was in China that the incident occurred. During the war with that country, when Lord Elgin was the British Plenipotentiary, a private of the 3rd Regiment, who appears to have taken too much ardent liquor, was captured with some Indian troops. The prisoners were compelled, as a condition of release, to kow-tow—that is to say, to make a servile salutation to the Celestial Emperor, prostrating themselves on all fours and touching the ground with the forehead nine times. The Indians did as they were told, and escaped; but the private of the Buffs refused to go through the humiliating performance. Not to any Chinaman alive would he kow-tow. Ordered out for execution, he paid with his life the penalty of his British pride. Sir Francis Doyle has made the incident the subject of a striking poem. The readers of this column will, I am sure, [illegible] the reproduction of it:

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaff'd, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never look'd before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewilder'd, and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In grey soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes! Honor calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons.
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

The Cure of the Stomach.

There is a member of our vile body which is so important, so useful, so influential, that he has been styled "the father of the family" in plain terms, the stomach. How wickedly, how wantonly, is that poor stomach maltreated by many of us, and that without knowledge, or at least reflection, or at any rate compunction! It is allowed to go fasting and empty for hours and hours in defiance of the laws which cry aloud to be heard, then all at once it has thrust upon it, bolted down, a hasty, voluminous, cooking hot meal, the last mouthful of which is scarcely down ere the chair is empty and the late occupant is off anywhere and everywhere, feeling miserable and irritable it is true, but ignoring the cause and persisting, from day to day, in pursuing the same course. Well, he can't do it without paying the penalty. "Indigestion is the conscience of the stomach," says a writer of to-day, and its warning voice nothing can silence. Can any one be happy, cheerful, amiable, can he be benevolent and forbearing toward his fellow-men, who is never well, who never knows what it is to be without a pain in his side, or an ache in his head, or a sinking sickness within? Such a sufferer will doubtless affirm that he is "only a little out of sorts," or that it is "nothing which signifies," and he never stops to ask himself honestly and practically why he should care so much about that extra letter he has to write, or the extra half mile he has to walk, or the little matter that went wrong. But the doctor knows; his practised eye sees to the root of the matter, and he will tell you, though you may laugh at him until you believe it by bitter experience, that life itself becomes a burden scarcely to be borne by the victim of simple indigestion.—*Good Words.*

Impervious Men.

There seems to be a difference between Cincinnati and Chicago reporters. Sam Jones says: "I don't understand why you newspaper people are so hard to reach. I should think you'd be easy, seeing that you see so much of the hollowness, sham and wickedness of the world, but you ain't. I can reach you newspaper men, I can touch your appreciation by smart or witty sayings, perhaps, but you are awful hard to reach as men. Your hearts are difficult of access. Now in Cincinnati I converted several reporters, but in Chicago I could not touch one with a forty-foot pole."

The Folly of Fear.

A good deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, then live to see its success afterwards. But at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his most particular friends, till one fine day he finds he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice.

New Advertisements.

SOLD [illegible] Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some [illegible] a day. Either sex, young or old. [illegible] are started free. [illegible] sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

Sheriff's Sale.

At Huntingdon in the Registry office the 27th of August instant at ten o'clock will be sold an emplacement or lot situated in the village of Huntingdon Number 136, containing half an acre of land, more or less with a dwelling house, and other buildings.

On the same day, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a piece of land in township of Hemmingford, containing 37½ acres more or less, being the north half lot of number 1, in the first range of granted lands with buildings thereon erected.

P. LABERGE, Sheriff.

LOVELL'S
GAZETTEER AND HISTORY
OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA,
IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo.

TO BE COMMENCED whenever a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes $75.00, to the Province of Ontario or to Quebec $12.50, to New Brunswick or to Nova Scotia $11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia $9.50. Each Province to have a Map.

Please send for prospectus.

JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher.
Montreal, 4th August, 1886.

Province of Quebec
School Municipality of the
Township of Godmanchester
in the
Counties of Huntingdon
and Chateauguay.

TEACHER WANTED.

Applications for the situation of Teacher for School District No. 1, situated at Dewittville, in the said municipality, will be received at the office of the undersigned Secretary-Treasurer, in the County Building in the village of Huntingdon, up to Friday the 20th day of August now instant, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Term, ten months, commencing on the first day of September next. Salary twenty-two dollars per month. Applicants must be experienced teachers and holding McGill Normal School diplomas.

By order of the board,
R. HYNDMAN, Secy.-Treas.
Huntingdon, August 11th, 1886. 31-1

DO NOT
FAIL TO VISIT THE
CHATEAUGAY CHASM

One of the greatest natural wonders in the world. Only 12 miles' drive from Huntingdon.

First-class hotel in connection. A most attractive summer resort. Liberal terms to permanent guests.

B. A. JACKSON,
Manager.
P. O. Address,—Chateaugay, N. Y. 26

ALEX. McNAUGHTON & BRO.

HAVE now a new stock to show for Summer, consisting of
White Figured Lawns,
Printed Lawns,
Stuff Goods in a great variety of colors,
Ginghams, Prints, Hosiery,
Jerseys, Gloves, Parasols from 45c to $3.50,
Laces, Trimmings, Buttons,
Tweeds, Suitings, Trouserings,
Ready Made Clothing in very best makes for men and boys,
Gents Furnishings,
Hats, hard or soft, Ladies', Gents, Misses, Boys and Childrens fine and medium Boots and Shoes in best styles of makes.
Floor Oil Cloth,
Stone and Chinaware,
Cutlery, Choicest Teas &c.

ALEX. McNAUGHTON & BRO.
Huntingdon, June 23rd, 1886.

A. CHALMERS

Begs to inform the public that having removed to the spacious store formerly occupied by D. Shanks,

ONE DOOR WEST OF THE OLD STAND,

he has now on hand a full line of

CHOICE GROCERIES,

which he offers at prices as low as the lowest.

CONFECTIONERY

manufactured on the premises as usual

SMALL WARES AND FANCY GOODS

in abundance.

A large quantity of the best

FLOUR

in the market, at $2.50 per 100 lbs.

—ALSO—

ROLLED OATS,

Granulated and Ordinary OATMEAL, &c.

☞ GIVE HIM A CALL. ☜
Huntingdon, June 16th.

LOCAL & DISTRICT.

Fire is in progress in the western part of the teafield.

Chateauguay County fair will be held at Ste. Martine on Wednesday, September 8th.

According to the last revised assessment roll of Valleyfield, the population of that town is now 5,121 souls.

James A. Stockwell, ex-sheriff of Franklin County, N. Y., died at his residence in Malone on Sunday morning last.

John Klein at Jackson's drug store, Chateaugay, N. Y., has a set of apothecary scales made in 1706, and a violin over 100 years old.

One of Forepaugh's camel riders was pitched by his camel and nearly killed at Montreal on Saturday. He is not expected to recover.

Amos Cook, of Chateaugay, N. Y., fell upon a circular saw in McClatchie's saw mill at Powerscourt on Tuesday of last week and was terribly mangled.

On Sabbath last the Rev. Mr. Robertson of Hemmingford preached two excellent sermons in St. Andrews Church, which were highly appreciated by the congregation.

A little son of Mr. Goodfellow got lost in the teafield on Monday. He was found next evening sitting on a stump, feeling rather hungry because he "hadn't any dinner yet." Needless to say, the anxious parents were overjoyed at his recovery.

About 12 o'clock on Saturday night, a man who was driving up the front street was suddenly thrown out over the dashboard by the breaking of the kingbolt of his waggon. He was hurt in the side, but was able to get home without assistance.

Prof. Walter H. Smith and wife returned last week to Montreal from a two weeks' visit to the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire, where they were the guests of Mr. J. S. Horne. Prof. Smith, whose health was failing, returns very much improved, we are pleased to learn.

Last Friday morning the dawn express train on the M. & C. J. Ry. was brought to a standstill about half way between Ormstown and Bryson's, just in time to prevent a terrible accident. Enquiries as to the cause of the stoppage revealed the fact that some fiend had placed a number of obstructions on the track, which the engineer got sight of in the nick of time. The culprit is supposed to have been a man whom the conductor put off the train the previous evening for not paying his fare, and who threatened vengeance.

Says the Montreal *Gazette*:—"Lieut.-Col. Van Straubenzee, D. A. G., and Lieut.-Col. Mattice, B. M., returned yesterday from Huntingdon county, where they have been inspecting the armories of the 50th Huntingdon Borderers and the 51st Hemmingford Rangers. These two corps have not paraded for two years, and they are to all intents and purposes completely disorganized. These two corps, therefore, which were considered among the best corps of the Dominion, having rendered efficient service during the Fenian raids, will be disbanded."

Mrs. Barrington, residing about a mile east of Athelstan, met with a rather severe accident in Huntingdon on Sunday morning about 10 o'clock. In company with her husband, Mrs. Barrington had driven in to attend church. Mr. Barrington alighted near the academy corner, and while he was absent the horse took fright in some way and ran off, throwing Mrs. Barrington to the ground, and dislocating both wrists. The waggon was considerably broken. Drs. McMillan and Marshall attended the injured lady, and at latest accounts she was progressing favorably.

On Monday evening last a number of friends assembled at Moir's Hotel and entertained at supper Mr. John Thompson, who for the past three months has had charge of the bar at this popular house, the occasion being Mr. Thompson's return to Cornwall, where he goes into business on his own account. The chair was occupied by Mr. T. K. Milne, who during the evening, on behalf of the guests, presented that gentleman with a handsome diamond ring. There was the usual speech-making and toasts, and after spending a very pleasant evening the company dispersed about one o'clock a.m. We wish Mr. Thompson every success in his new sphere.

We copy the following paragraph from the Montreal *Gazette*, which will be read with pleasure by many in this locality:—"On opening a parcel to-day, our Mr. A. Milne was surprised to find it contain a morocco case with the following inscription: "Presented to Mr A. Milne by the Cornwall St. Andrew's society, as a slight recognition of his many valuable services. 1886." Inside this good-looking exterior a pair of fine electroplated carvers and steel were found. Alick had no idea he was of so much importance in the world, or that any of his services were worth such recognition, but accepted the kindness of his brother Scotchmen in that kindred spirit in which the gift was tendered."

Forepaugh's circus was by far the best attended event that Huntingdon has ever witnessed. From early morning on Saturday people began to arrive from all quarters, and before the hour for the first performance there were fully 5,000 visitors in town. Fully that number attended the show in the afternoon, which was of the usual circus character and not half up to what had been advertised,—the 25 elephants for instance, dwindling down to 7 or 8. The evening's performance was attended by about 1,000 people, principally those who could not get there in the afternoon; the performance was cut short, and the whole thing was over about 9.15. The "concert" afterwards was a downright swindle, and lasted about 15 minutes, there being an audience of about 500. The menagerie was the best part of the whole exhibition. The circus was accompanied by the usual beats with their games of chance to entrap the unwary and the verdant, and their victims were numerous.

The meeting at Dewittville last Thursday in connection with the agitation for a railway station at that place was well attended. Judge Foster explained that to give to Dewittville the same accommodation as is afforded at Bryson's would necessitate an expenditure of $3,000 or more, which the Company was not prepared to do. Finally he advised the interested parties to apply to Mr. Wainwright and state exactly what they wanted the Company to do and how much assistance they were willing to give. Mr. Scriver, Mr. Holton and Mr. C. S. Haliday have each subscribed $25 towards the bonus. The parties interested have come to the conclusion that their offer of $500 must be increased before they can get what they want from the Company, but they also recognize that the accommodation asked for is more than they need and will modify their demands accordingly. A siding to hold two cars would be plenty large enough for Dewittville, and this and a station may be had for about $1,500, of which the people there will contribute at least one-half.

On Friday last the Excelsior Lacrosse Club of Lancaster, Ont., met the local club here in a friendly contest. The teams were pretty evenly matched. The ball was faced at 2.08, and both teams settled down to work for game. After 4 minutes' play Dr. McPherson was forced to retire, having twisted his leg in some way. The spare man was put on and play resumed. But the defence on each side was powerful, while neither home was extra good, and the game continued, the rubber going up and down the field in a lively manner. At 2.45 time was again call, Dr. Elder having been temporarily placed hors de combat by falling on his stick. After a short rest, however, he was able to play again, and the game was renewed, the ball finally being put through for Lancaster by a chance shot from C. Sutherland, after 45 minutes' actual play. During the second game the play was more confined to the vicinity of the Lancaster goal than in the first game, and Huntingdon stock rose somewhat, the opinion being that their staying powers were superior to those of their opponents. However, after 25 minutes play without material advantage to either side the referee called time, as the visitors had to go to Port Lewis to catch the boat. Regret that the match could not be played to a finish was generally expressed. After cheering each other the teams left the grounds and the Lancastrians were seen on their way homeward, well pleased with their trip and expressing a desire to cross sticks with Huntingdon again at no distant date. The match was probably the best exhibition of gentlemanly lacrosse that has yet been witnessed in Huntingdon. This was the first match of the season for the Excelsiors, the club having been reorganized only some three weeks previous. They certainly played well for so short practice, and showed the result of Captain MacPherson's excellent training. Although the Huntingdon team played well, they would be none the worse for more thorough practice. For Huntingdon Ab. Shanks and Dr. Elder deserve credit for their play; and on the Lancaster side J. J. Cameron and McLean. Neither side did much team play—a feature which the home club might profitably develop. The teams were composed as follows:—

Jas. McGillis	Goal	A. Shanks
J. A. McLean	Point	Dr. Elder
J. J. Cameron	Cover point	W. Hunter
A. D. Cameron	First defence	T. Chambers
D. Anderson	Second defence	James Oney
T. Ross	Third defence	Mack
W. C. Dickson	Centre	C. Boyd
W. Bolster	Third home	Jas. Elder
W. Barrett	Second home	A. Chambers
Dr. Fraser	First home	J. T. McPherson
W. McGillis	Outside home	A. Walsh
C. Sutherland	Inside home	Nelson Walsh
John McGregor	Spare man	Peter Elder
D. M. McPherson	Captain	C. Hunter

Personal.

Mr. Robert Cunningham, formerly of Howick, and now with the Edwardsburg Starch Co., Montreal, was in town on Saturday.

Col. McEachern, of Ormstown, and Mr. A. M. Wright of the *Courier*, were in town on Saturday.

Mr. James McDonald, of Springfield, Vt., was home on a visit to his friends here last week.

Mr. Wm. Fortune has returned from his trip to Minnesota.

Conductor Richardson has returned from his holiday trip.

Beauharnois.

A very sad accident occurred on Wednesday of last week. The second son of Mr. L. A. Seers, advocate, was drowned here last night about 5.30. He had been out bathing off the first island with his younger brother and another lad. He could not swim, and although his brother told him not to venture out so far he went farther and further out. There is a deep place near there, of which he cannot have known, and into which he fell. When the little fellows noticed him they saw him reaching up a hand, and began screaming. This was heard by several persons on the wharfs of the town, about a mile up the bay, and they immediately took boats and rowed down to the scene. They could see the body lying down on the side of a chasm in nine feet of water. It was fished up with a large hook by Mr. Nicholas Boyer, and then carried home. Mr. Seers was at Ste. Martine at the time but was sent for immediately.

Shelburn, Vt.

Rev. M. Reynolds, of Albany, N. Y., conducted the services in the M. E. Church last Sabbath. The evening service was a lecture on prison life.

Miss Brown of New York delivered a temperance lecture in the Town Hall last Wednesday evening. The audience were delighted with the singing of Miss Andrews of Shelburn Falls.

Miss Lizzie Farrell of Burlington, who has been visiting her uncle, Mr. Jas. Denham, left on Saturday morning for Danville, Vt.

Miss Flo Richardson of Montreal and Miss B. E. Cain of Rockburn, Que., are the guests of Mr. Jas. Denham of Shelburn Falls.

Kate.

Two men navigated the Niagara whirlpool rapids in a cask on the 8th. The feat was witnessed by 15,000 spectators.

MARRIAGES.

Carr—Middlemiss—At Huntingdon, on the 11th, by the Rev. Mr. Muir, Mr. A. W. Carr, farmer, Godmanchester, to Margaret, oldest daughter of the late Joseph Middlemiss, Esq., Howick.

For its soothing and grateful influence on the scalp, and for the removal and prevention of dandruff, Ayer's Hair Hair Vigor has no equal. It restores faded or gray hair to its original dark dark color, stimulates the growth of the hair, and gives it a beautiful, soft, glossy and silken appearance.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite, and rejuvenate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that the business heretofore carried on by George Long, Dundee, will in future be carried on by the undersigned under the name and style of George Long & Co., at the same place.

DAME ANNA M. LONG.
Dundee, July 21st, 1886.

GREAT ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

WILLIAM THIRD & CO., beg to announce that they have now commenced their great annual clearing sale at and under cost for one month only in order to make room for their New Fall and Winter Importations.

WILLIAM THIRD & CO.

Huntingdon, July 20th, 1886.

P. S.—Great reductions have been made on gentlemen's rubber coats, readymade clothing, boots and shoes, gentlemen's hats and caps, shirts, overalls, ladies' fancy dress goods, ladies' and gentlemen's prunella gaiters, ball floor oil cloths, carpets, window lace curtains, lambrequins, piano and table covers, gentlemen's under Shirts and Pants, Wall Paper &c.

W. T. & CO.

ROSS BROS. & CO.,
8 & 10 GREY NUN STREET,
MONTREAL.
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CONTRACTORS' SUPPLIES.

While thanking their numerous friends and patrons for kind remembrances in the past, solicit a continuance, under the assurance that the same prompt and careful attention will be given in the future.

They also beg to advise having appointed **MR. T. K. MILNE** their representative in this district, and trust at his periodical visits to be favored with orders in their line guaranteeing that, quality being taken into account, prices will be found satisfactory.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

During the summer and fall people are liable to sudden attacks of bowel complaints, and with no prompt remedy or medical aid at hand, life may be in danger. Those whose experience has given them wisdom, always keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for prompt relief, and a physician is seldom required.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Cyrus Kilborne, Beamsville, Ont., had what was supposed to be a cancer on her nose. She was about to submit to a cancer doctor's treatment, when she concluded to try Burdock Blood Bitters, internally and externally, a few bottles of which entirely cured her.

NONE BETTER.

There is no more wholesome or delicious fruit on earth than the Wild Strawberry, and there is no more effectual remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Cramps, and other summer complaints of infants or adults, than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

OFF WORK.

"I was off work for two years suffering from kidney disease, and could get no relief, until advised by a friend to try B. B. B. I was cured by two bottles, and consider it a miraculous cure." The above is the substance of a communication from Wm. Tier, of St. Marys, Ont.

ON THE RISE.

"Leaves have their time to fall," says the poet, but Wild Strawberry leaves are on the rise just now, being utilized in such enormous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.—the infallible remedy for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea and other summer complaints.

WOOL! WOOL!

THE undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he is prepared to take wool for

CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c.

Work done promptly and guaranteed.

Always on hand a good assortment of Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, Sheeting, Bed Blankets, Horse Blankets and All Wool Check Druggets, of my own make and made expressly for durability, from ten to twenty per cent lower than ever before.

J. B. ROBERT.
22tf Beauharnois.

NOTICE!

C. W. HYDE, of Trout River Lines, begs to announce that he has moved his stock of *Drugs, Medicines, &c.,* to the next door *South* of his former premises, where he will add to his business a stock of general goods such as

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Boots & Shoes,

In fact everything kept in a first-class General Store.

All goods sold strictly for *Cash* or *Ready Pay.* The highest **CASH** price allowed for all kinds of Farmers' Produce.

☞ **25 PER CENT** saved by buying from me for cash or ready pay.

Trout River Lines, May 4th, 1886. 17

Province of Quebec
District of Beauharnois.
No. 185. Superior Court.

Dame Ida Vesta Wallis of the Township of Godmanchester, said District, has this day instituted an action for separation of property against Joseph Lunan, her husband.

Beauharnois, 6th July, 1886.
THOS. BROSSOIT,
29-4 Attorney for Plaintiff.

NERVOUS
DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free, by addressing VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

THE SUN
Life Assurance Company
OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE — *MONTREAL.*

THOMAS WORKMAN, Esq., President.
R. MACAULAY, Esq., Managing Director
T. WILKINS, Esq., M.D., Medical Officer

Assets, $1,300,000.
Surplus to Policyholders, $525,000.

ASSURE IN THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

WHY? BECAUSE

1. The Sun is a Home Company, investing all its funds in Canada, and has thus a special claim on Canadian Assurers.
2. It is a strong and progressive Company with large and well invested assets.
3. Its rates are low and its profits to Policy-holders large and equitably divided.
4. The Sun alone issues an absolutely Unconditional Life Policy. Great care is taken in the selection of risks, but when a Policy is once issued, the money is paid on simple proof of the death of the Assured, no matter how, or when, or where. The only condition is the payment of premium.
5. The Sun has not one contested or disputed claim on its books.

J. C. BRUCE, Agent,
42y *HUNTINGDON*

WANTED.

A Female Teacher for [illegible] school at Fort Lewis. [illegible] teacher holding a first-class diploma required.

Apply to SAMUEL PERRY,
Manager, Fort Lewis.
June 30th, 1886. 25tf

TELESPHORE PINSONNAULT,
STE. BARBE.

Begs to inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the hotel and business of George Poterkin, where he is now prepared to supply the best of Liquors and Cigars. First-class Table.

Ste Barbe, July 8th, 1886. 28tf

TAILORING!

OUR shop being now under the charge of a first-class Tailor, we can confidently solicit the patronage of the public. Our stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER
TWEEDS

Is the largest and best assortment of

PATTERNS

We have ever shown.

Call and you will find *Prices Right.* We have never been undersold and are in a better position this season than ever to give extra value.

☞ We guarantee all our work.

R. N. Walsh.
Huntingdon, 4th May, 1886. 17tf

Dominion, Quebec Provincial,
—AND—
2nd Annual Exhibition,
OF THE
Eastern Townships Agricultural Association,

WILL be held at the CITY OF SHERBROOKE, Province of Quebec, Thursday, 23rd September, to Saturday, 2nd October.

$25,000.00 IN PREMIUMS.

Entries on Live Stock to close Saturday, 4th September, on all other classes on Saturday, 11th September.

☞ *Reduced rates and Cheap Excursions from all points.*

For further particulars apply to
ROBERT H. TYLEE,
Sec-Treas.
Sherbrooke, 28th June, 1886.

☞ ***When you want to take a holiday trip go to the CHATEAUGAY CHASM and bring your friends with you.*** ☜

SPOKEN IN ANGER.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

'Twas but a little word in anger spoken,
While proud eyes flashed through bitter, burning tears,
But oh, I feel that fatal word had broken
The cord of love that bound our hearts for years.
Thy tortured face, that long wild look of sorrow,
Like some pale ghost, must haunt me while I live,
And yet, how bright, how full of joy the morrow,
Had I but breathed one simple word—"Forgive!"

I did not hear thy tender voice appealing,
Nor marked thy anguish when I cried, "Depart!"
Too blind to see thy pitying glance, revealing
Those noble promptings of thy noble heart.
How could I know that faithful heart was yearning,
Though crushed and wounded to its inmost core;
To come back, like the weary bird returning
In fear and trembling, when the storm is o'er.

"Remember, love, that it may be forever;
To-day my face no more by night or day,
Be calm, rash heart, think well before we sever,
Recall that angry word, and bid me stay."
Thou said'st no more; the song-birds hushed their lay.
"Go!" I proudly cried. "I choose my fate,"
While through my maddened brain kept ringing
The death-knell of my love—too late, too late!

"Forgive, forgive!" I wailed, the wild tears blinding me,
As, 'mid the bending trees, I stood alone;
"Love, but a kiss"—the kisses woke no answering line;
Thy pleading voice, thy tortured face, was gone,
That angry word, I may recall it never;
For o'er thy narrow grave rank weeds have grown.
"Remember, love, that it may be forever,"
Ah, words prophetic! love had I but known!

My locks are gray, my eyes are dim with weeping,
The face I loved is to me no longer fair;
Beneath the daisies thou art calmly sleeping,
There my soul's anguish kneels in prayer.
Ah, sweetheart mine, thou art so lowly lying,
Thou canst not hear the tearful voice above,
That with contrite words evermore is sighing:
"I spoke in anger! oh, forgive me, love!"

He Would Argue with the Highwayman.

Mr. Mellcherts, now editor of the Leeds (England) *Mercury* was at one time a reporter in this city. He was the most argumentative, and at the same time, the calmest man that ever struck the town. He would stop work at a fire to argue. Mr. Mellcherts was on his way home early one morning, when an American citizen suddenly popped up with a pistol levelled at his head, and said:

"Throw up yer hands!"

"Why?" asked Mr. Mellcherts, undisturbed.

"Throw them up."

"But what for!"

"Put up yer hands," insisted the foot pad, shaking the pistol. "Will you do what I tell you?"

"That depends," said Mr. Mellcherts. "If ye can show me any reason why I should put up ma hands, I'll no say but what I weel; but yere mere requaist wad be no justification for me to do sae absurd a thing. Noo, why should you, a complete stranger, ask me, at this 'oor o' the mornin', on a public street, tae put up my hands?"

"Dash you!" cried the robber; "if you don't quit gabblin' and obey orders, I'll blow the top of your head off!"

"What! Faith, man, ye must be 'oot o' yer heed. Come noo, puir bubly," said Mr. Mellcherts, soothingly, coolly catching the pistol and wresting it with a quick twist out of the man's hand; "come, noo, an' I'll show ye whom they'll tak care o' ye. Hech! Dinna ye try tae fecht, or ceed I'll shoot ye. By the way, ye micht as weel put up ye ain hands, and jist walk aheed o' me. That's it. Trudge awa noo."

And so Mr. Mellcherts marched his man to the city prison, and handed him over to Capt. Douglass.

"It wadna be a bad idea tae pit him in a straitjacket," he said, seriously to the officer. "There's little doot but the buddy's daft."

And he resumed his interrupted homeward walk.—*San Francisco Post.*

What the Hindu Lives On.

Human life is supported in India upon the barest minimum of necessaries; the village population feed upon the commonest grains, never eating animal food which is contrary to their religious and rarely tasting the finer grains, such as wheat and barley. The clothing worn is of the scantiest, and I was distressed to see many of the people in the North-west Provinces shivering and half-naked in weather so cold that I was glad to wear two topcoats. The houses are built of clay, and almost destitute of furniture, and I understand that a large portion of the population only eat one meal a day. Of course this is no Eastern country does not justify what it does in Europe—life can be sustained on less food and less nutriment than in Northern climes; the labor power of the Hindus is small; there is far less taken out of the human machine than in our laborious Western life; it consumes less and produces less; besides, the Asiatic has the power of digesting a greater quantity of food at one meal than is possible to Europeans; but, when due allowance is made for all this, it is not to be denied that the poverty of a great part of the people of India is extreme and more acute than what we witness in Europe. It may be said with truth of a great part of the rural population that it is never far removed from famine. A scanty harvest any year brings that calamity within measurable distance; a failure of crops means death to a large part of the population unless fed by Government.—*The Contemporary Review.*

Scene—On a pier in Western Highlands. English tourist: "Highland porter: "When does the steamer for Craigendorran come up here?" H. P.—"She'll not come up here at all, at all, She'll shust stop toon there" (pointing down to the water).

Old Mr. Bently (who is very much interested in anything of a curious nature) —Here's a curious thing, wife. A farmer in Iowa cut down a maple tree one hundred years old, an' found imbedded in the centre a live toad.

Old Mrs. Bently (who is more interested in darning socks)—Well, well, is that so? A maple tree a hundred years old imbedded in the centre of a live toad. That is curious, Joshua. Read suthin' more.

GEMS FROM SAM JONES.

Paragraphs from Sermons Preached in Indiana by the Georgia Revivalist.

Here is my theology: It is all I need. If you want to do good God will help you to do good, and if you want to be bad the devil will help you. That's enough theology for anybody.

I have heard of churches which claimed to be the only church of God. The old hard shells do it, I believe. I don't know how they are up here, but if they are the same as they are down in Georgia the Lord has turned over the whole business to a mighty ignorant crowd.

Sympathy is a good deal better than dignity. I've seen some old preacher get up in his pulpit, and he look as if he is seven miles away, and he has got all the dignity to fill two worlds. Dignity is the shell of a shroud. When I die and am laid off and the dignity I'll be as much dignity as anybody, but I'm never going to be dignified till I do die.

Now, some sister, I expect, will turn up her nose at me because I am not cultured. Bless you, the devil has got culture enough on that now, and he will foreclose on some of these days, and get the old girl with it, too.

We have got to learn that money will help a man to live just like it will help him in New York. I might go to New York city without a cent; I will have to walk every step, and beg my bread along the road. You can get to heaven without a cent, but you will find Jordan's road hard to travel.

A man who lives under a nook stove and sleeps in the pantry belongs to the old tribe. A man who lives in the library, with the finest authors, is a literary man. A man who walks around in company with God is a spiritual man.

It is not the mysteries of the Bible that bother me. It is the ten commandments. It is so hard to live up to them. It is not the mysteries of the Bible that hurt me. It is the Sermon on the Mount.

Many a little climbin'-headed fellow—the main object of his life in this world is to find out who is the father of Melchisedek—if he only knew that, would he be elected for all time.

There is a little, old, dishonest man out there with a thimbleful of brains, who says: "If God shoots that big cannon at me I'm going to be converted." A little, old sparrow sets on a rail, saying, "When a cannon ball hits me I'm going to fly." There will be neither flesh nor feather left of the little sparrow when a ball like that hits. God doesn't shoot cannon balls at snow birds.

Your papers copied with a good deal of gush, what a preacher in Baltimore said about me. A preacher jumped on me and went for me with his spurs on. Well, sir, the next day I said: "Who is this old case jumping on me here?" And they said: "He's the preacher that the liquor dealers hired to deliver a lecture for them." "Well," I said, "I understand this old coon, now. He is hired on the other side." Don't you see?

What is slang? I will tell you what it is. It is three or four of our English words run into one—concentrated. Slang is nothin' without a "g" on the end of it—concentrated English language.

You great old dunce. That is some more slang, ain't it? That is one of our finest, purest English words. Some of you think that too is slang. There is not a purer, better word in Webster's dictionary. I believe here you all "pack" it.

I can beat you all to death pleasing folks. Do you know how? I do not care whether I please them or not. But they just run in here by the thousands. If every preacher would preach just like he thinks.

The trouble with you Indianapolis folks is that you are hidebound, like an old Texas steer. He will never fatten while the sun shines until you can loosen his hide. Laughter loosens the hide so that you can grow religious. You all need the currycomb more than you need corn. There is just as much religion in laughing as in crying. But if you don't live right, be solemn as the grave every day, for you ought to be solemn.

Mid-seaside Cheer.

While chatting with the proprietor of a well-known Long Branch hotel the other day, I remarked that I could already see signs of the coming summer exodus. He laughed and said: "Well, my dear boy, I fear that the more signs you see the less visitors we'll have. I have just dropped on to one or two of the latest wrinkles of these people who pose as swell summer tourists on excessively small incomes. A dressmaker whom my wife went to see to-day told her that she had a great variety of dresses for the summer season which she would hire out on reasonable terms, and change for others once a week. Now, ain't that an idea! You see, Miss de Smith can go to Long Branch with seven morning and seven evening dresses, and after a week she secures another fourteen, and can bloom out in an entirely new set for the following week. All these costumes are made upon a sliding scale basis, with big seams and wide flounces, which facilitate their being changed to fit many sizes. You see that with four sets of dresses the costumer can change them from one watering-place to another and thus serve four people simultaneously, giving each a constant succession of new toilets. For about $25 a week the girls can have the use of a wardrobe that couldn't be duplicated under $2,000. Think of that for American enterprise.

"If I buy some dress goods," asked a lady in a dry goods store, "can you deliver them at once?"

"Yes'm," said the clerk.

"There will be no delay?"

"No'm," said the clerk.

"Because I am in great haste."

"Yes'm," said the clerk.

"Very well, you may show me your summer silks." In four hours and forty minutes the lady had selected what she wanted, and the tired clerk ordered the goods delivered at once.

The Pastures.

The land best adapted for pastures is that which affords the greatest variety of surface or situation. This not only gives considerable difference of soil, it gives also a wide variety of grasses. The high places, the southern and western slopes, the low ground, the shad nooks, the brooksides, each have their difference in point of grazing qualities, and which are, in turn, each visited by cattle during same part of the day, or at least of the season. The moist, sunny places invite to early feeding, for the grasses start early there and are sweet and appetizing. In the heat of the day, the more shady places are visited, and toward afternoon the higher, open ground where a refreshing breeze is obtained, something which cattle at pasture much enjoy. If, during the drought of midsummer, it so happens the grounds which are liable to be easily injured by the season, become parched and the dry, juiceless turf is refused by the stock, then the grass in the moist lowlands along valleys and brooks, or in shady places. Here the grass which in late spring is rank and coarse is sweeter with the warm sun, it increases and ripening its sides, and altho' it may lack the relish of the grass upon the sunny slopes laying exposed to the sun, yet cattle eat it well at that time and it is a good swallow of nutrient for young cattle a constant feed. In a pasture that has a variety of ground and all kind of surface for the cattle to have the location for many and different varieties of grasses. The scattered clumps upon the farm may be selected and taken advantage of. Otherwise the farmer will only have a good pasture. Perhaps the heads of the pastures are marked by the old fence which has stood in the pasture for two generations. Can not the latter be changed so as to include a field land which will improve the character of the pasture without injury to it? Can not the bushels and brakes, and hardhacks and sweet fern be grubbed up and removed so as to allow the choice grasses to come in, and then give a new and better grazing ground? The pasture is the most important part of the farm. It is while at pasture that the cows do the best, and the sheep and young cattle make the most gain at the least expense. And yet it is often the most neglected and least thought of place upon the farm. It has been left to take care of itself in the past, why not now? This is not right. The pasture deserves the best care and the most judicious management of any part of the farm. If there is a good pasture there are fine herds of cattle, a good hay mow, rich fields and abundant crops; if a poor pasture, small and poor herds, cattle fed at the barn in summer at extra expense, and a farm that is not well balanced. Of no part good fields must be put to good pasture.

How to Keep off Cannibals.

Sometimes a good case is ruined by proving too much. This was illustrated the other day in Chicago.

At a meeting of ministers the Rev. Mr. Ayres read a long paper, in which he argued that the coming Christian would not use tobacco. He made many strong points and impressed his audience. Unfortunately he said in conclusion that even cannibals had sense enough not to eat tobacco-cured flesh. They never devoured smokers and chewers.

When this climax was reached a smile rippled over the upturned faces of the ministers. Finally one of the brethren took the matter up. He said that he had been in doubt until he heard the story about the cannibals. If it was a man's duty in times of peace to prepare for war, it was just as much his duty to guard himself against cannibals. The exigencies of missionary work or business might at any time require a man to visit Africa or Patagonia. He would run the risk of falling in with cannibals. If the tobacco habit would save him from being eaten it might also save his life. Perhaps the savages would not think it worth while to kill a man who was worthless as an article of food. As a matter of prevention, therefore, he thought it would be wise to stick to tobacco.

The meeting broke up in hilarious disorder. Brother Ayres walked off by himself. The others remained behind to light their cigars. They were resolved to lose no time in heading off the cannibals.—*From the Atlanta Constitution.*

Welsh Rare Bit.

There is no dish more toothsome—to those who like it—than Welsh rare bit. The editor of the American *Dairyman* gives the following recipe for making it; which looks as if it was about the right thing:

Take a half pound of good whole milk cheese and break it up to the size of cherries, mix with it a teaspoonful of dry mustard, and add a pinch of cayenne pepper. Put in a piece of good butter the size of a pigeon's egg, and an utter dinner coffee cup full of milk. Put all of this in a skillet, and place the skillet on a very hot fire. If it gets too thick, thin it with milk. It will cook immediately, and should be removed from the fire when of the consistency of batter. We forgot to say, have your toasted bread all ready and hot, and dip each piece in the rarebit while it is hot. Serve on a hot plate.

Aboriginal Ideas.

A number of Indians recently attended a church service in Manitoba. During the service one of them concluded to have a smoke, and began filling his pipe. Then he tried to light it, but his matches were poor and wouldn't burn. The minister seeing the state of affairs came down from the pulpit and struck a parlor match. The Indians who had never before seen a parlor match were greatly terrified, and thought they were about to be massacred, but matters were finally explained to them, and after the pipe was lit the service proceeded.—*New York Tribune.*

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D, New York City.*

Advice to Mothers.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Albion Hotel,

MONTREAL.

THE Proprietors of this well known Hotel desire to announce that they have re-leased the premises so long occupied by them and have renovated and made extensive improvements in its furnishing and equipments.

Thanking the public for the very liberal patronage extended to them during the past fifteen years, they hope by strict attention to the wants of their guests, to secure a continuance of the same.

Stearns & Murray.

Montreal, May 1886. 20-3 m

Peter Brady,

HELENA.

AGENT FOR THE
HEINTZMAN PIANO,
—THE CELEBRATED—
DOHERTY ORGAN,
—AND THE—
NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE.

Intending purchasers would find it to their advantage to get my prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WALL PAPER.

YOU CAN BUY
WALL PAPER
Cheaper from
Wm. E. Potter,
MONTREAL,

Than you can from any other house in Canada.

LOOK AT THE PRICES!

Canadian Wall Paper, - - 4c per roll.
English Wall Paper, 22 in. wide, 5c per roll
American Wall Paper, 6 to 15c, worth 15 to 25c per roll.
Beautiful Gilt Paper, 20 and 25c, same as other stores sell at 50 and 75c.

BORDERS! BORDERS!!
Less than AT *Half Price.*

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS
1375, NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

Only 50 yds. from the C. P. R. Depot.
☞ Samples sent free by mail to any address in Canada.
"Samples can be seen at Mr. J. D. Bicknell's Huntingdon, where any orders which may be left will have immediate attention." 48

Card of Thanks.

I the undersigned beg to return my sincere thanks to the public in general, for the support that has been extended to me in the Hotel business during the past forty years; and I hope by strict attention to business, to still receive a share of public patronage. I would also announce that, on and after May 1st, the bar as well as the other parts of the house, will be under my control, and having engaged efficient help, the guests of the House may rely on receiving every attention. As heretofore, I am determined that my table and bar will be supplied with the best.

I have the honor to be
your humble servant,
M. H. MOIR.
Huntingdon, April 28th, 1886. 16tf

T. K. MILNE
HUNTINGDON, QUE.
Agent for the celebrated
SAFES
OF
GOLDIE & McCULLOCH,
GALT, ONT.

ROBUST HEALTH

is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of Scrofulous and Mercurial impurities and the pollution of Contagious Diseases. It also neutralizes the poisons left by Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever, and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1;
Six bottles for $5.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

WE have once more got settled in our brick block, and now have a complete stock in the FURNITURE LINE. Having bought our goods for ready "cash" we can sell at

Prices that are sure to take

Our line of BEDROOM SUITES are the nicest we have ever had; and what is better still we can sell them at prices that give the best value we ever offered. Just think of it, a nice HARDWOOD BEDROOM SUITE 7 pieces for $22.00. Our PARLOR SUITES in Hair Cloth and Raw Silk we are offering at prices that are

SPLENDID VALUE.

Drop in and see our line of CENTRE TABLES, in Hardwood and Walnut, the nicest line ever shown in Huntingdon.

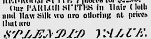
☞ Our HARDWOOD BEDSTEADS at $5.00 & $5.50 are as good value as can be got in Montreal.

Also a nice line of WINDOW POLES, just the thing to trim the windows in your parlor with.

A full stock of everything in the furniture line, at prices that must be appreciated when known.

To those intending to furnish "New houses or old" we would just say, drop in and see our stock, and I think we can suit you both as regards quality and prices.

A. G. HENDERSON.
CENTRAL BLOCK.
Huntingdon, Dec. 16th, 1885. 16yr



FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual *destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.*

ROLLER RINK.

Until further notice the skating rink will be open on Saturday evenings only. Refreshments may be had in the hall.
MRS. M. H. MOIR.
Huntingdon, July 8th, 1886. 28tf

NOTICE.

JUST received part of a car load of Southern Sweet Fodder Corn, which will be sold cheap.
JOHN McCAFFREY,
Trout River Lines.
May 27th, 1886. 20

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Chicago good liver says that Worcestershire sauce is made from the formula of a noted English doctor, who prescribed it for a noble patient whose digestion was bad. He says that one of the ingredients is assafœtida.

A Fort Gaines, Ga., farmer says that buzzards attacked a litter of ten little pigs and bit their ears and tails, making the "swallow fork" and "under bit" in each ear, which was this farmer's private mark for his hogs. Georgia buzzards are developing.

Mrs Mina Dachman of Logansport, Ind., has begun a suit for $1,000 damages against the German Lutheran church of that place, and also asks for an injunction restraining the pastor and trustees from ringing the chime of bells of the church. She complains that her daughter, who is an invalid, suffers severely at each ringing of the bells.

The last that there are eels in the water pipes in Bangor, Me., leads to a new swindle. A man goes from house to house offering small filters for sale. He asks permission to fasten one to the water pipe and then the water pass through it for a few moments. When the filter is taken off he always finds a little eel inside. Then the housewife buys the filter.

The Rev. J. H. Munro of Philadelphia says that the reason why so many clergymen go to Europe every summer is that the expenses of the trip are but little if any more than the corresponding summer jaunt in the country, and that the great advantage is that when they cross the water they are not likely to be recalled on "any little emergency."

One of the newly invented detective cameras exhibited at the American Photographers' Convention in St. Louis last week was the "satchel camera." It looks exactly like an alligator skin handbag, is carried by a shoulder strap at the side of the operator, and pictures are taken without attracting attention and without focussing the object.

Washburn Wright, 7 years old, was going through a pasture near Mulberry Grove, Ill., the other day, when a big bald eagle swooped down, grabbed him by the jacket, and actually lifted him from the ground. The boy yelled, the cloth ripped, and the boy's father, rushing to the rescue, drove away the king of birds, who wanted to make a tiny-meal of the youth.

The barber shop in Woodhull, Ill., was recently converted into a liquor saloon; and the day after the opening an absent-minded clergyman of the town walked in, and, seeing a crowd, sat down patiently to wait for his turn. The men at the bar thought he was there to see who frequented the saloon, and they went out quickly. Then the parson discovered his mistake, and he fled in dismay.

Jeremiah Long of Fairfax Court House, Va., wrote recently to J. T. Hill of Alexandria, calling his attention to the fact that in 1861, while Confederate troops were at Fairfax Court House, he (Long) mended two canteens and a camp kettle for him (Hill). The bill was 40 cents, and never been paid, hence Mr. Long's letter. He said that though interest was due on the amount he would be satisfied with the 40 cents. Mr. Hill sent Mr. Long the 40 cents.

Christian Tenling of Louisville owned a hen and a collie dog, which were great friends. The former recently hatched a fine brood of chickens, and the dog watched over the family with care. A few days ago the hen was killed accidentally, and Shep was much troubled. He at once assumed the charge of the motherless chicks, got them into his kennel at night, where they nestled close to his shaggy side, and has since cared for them faithfully.

Daniel Swayzee, while walking on the bank of the Mississinewa River, near Somerset, Ind., saw a human skull protruding from the earth where the water had washed the bank. He dug into the bank and found a skeleton wrapped in a coarse woolen cloth and lying in a wooden trough. In the trough were silver ornaments, a necklace, bracelets, bug beads hung with silver bells, and other trinkets. The skeleton was undoubtedly that of a Miami chief.

Thomas Murray and Emily McKenzie of Chicago were married recently, and that night the boys of the neighborhood gave them a charivari. When Murray asked them to go away they threw stones at him, whereupon he heavily loaded an old single-barrelled shot gun and blazed away at the tormentors. Part of the charge went out of the muzzle and filled a boy with bird shot; the rest of it went out of the side of the barrel, when it burst and blew off two of Murray's fingers and broke his wrist.

Judge Samuel Hancin'l of Callao, while driving recently saw a big black snake stretched across the road in front of him. He tried to drive over it, but it coiled, and the buggy passed over it without touching it. He stopped his horses and struck at the serpent over the back of the buggy with his whip. The snake wound itself around the spokes of a hind wheel, squirmed up to the seat, and drove the Judge out of the buggy. It coiled on the seat and stayed there, dodging the Judge's blows for some time, until at length he killed it. It was over six feet long.

Krupp has contracted to supply China with a million and a half tons of rails at a price 25 per cent. below the lowest English offer.

Edward S. Beetle, a deaf mute of Denver, got drunk the other evening, and going to the house of Mrs. A. C. Cole demanded admittance. She tried to shut the door, but he pushed in and attacked the woman savagely. He had knocked her down and was stamping on her prostrate body when her fourteen-year-old son, awakened by his mother's screams, rushed out in his night shirt and attempted to pull the drunken brute away. He was not able, so he ran back to his room, and, returning with a revolver, held the pistol close to Beetle's left side, and shot him through the heart, killing him instantly.

Training in Housewifery.

It is the practice in Germany to send every young girl, after she has finished her school education, and before she is "out," to learn housekeeping. The girl goes direct from school into a family corresponding to her station in life. Those who are rich go where they pay highly, and are in a "good family," so that they are enabled to live well, and have good cooking and great variety. No one is taken into one of these establishments for less than one year, so that with every month a new branch is learned—one month the preserving of fruit in season, the next laying in of apples and vegetables for winter use, preserving of eggs and butter, etc. These girls are taught everything, from washing up dishes, sweeping and polishing the floors, clear starching and ironing, dusting and cleaning ornaments, cooking, laying the table, waiting, polishing the silver and glass, to decorating the table with flowers and fruit. Great is the ambition of the pupil to hear that her taste and management are the best. Combined with these duties are those of keeping the household linen in repair and learning plain sewing. This is the young girl gets experience in household affairs.

Luck of a Stalwart Californian Blacksmith.

A common idea is that every large fortune on the Pacific coast is owned by bonanza or railway kings. The rich men who sometimes make fools of themselves at Washington and who come from the far west are, it is true, mostly successful miners. But the pick and drill are not the only means of making money there. In 1850 a common blacksmith, a horse-shoer, went to San Francisco. He set up a shop. He shod horses at an "ounce" a set $16. He did iron work, such as he could do with his forge, at from $4 to $22 an hour. He lived in a canvas tent. He was single. He saved his earnings, which were then wholly in gold dust. He bought land. He enlarged his business; from a blacksmith he became proprietor of a little forge and foundry and began to employ men. There is no need to follow him step by step—he grew with the city. He became owner of the greatest iron works on the coast; built some steamers, and ships, and mines and mint. He died. His estate has just been settled in the courts. The appraiser's report is:—

Cash, stocks, etc.	$1,877,711
Real and lands	2,531,141
Other assets	[illegible]
Total	$4,[illegible]

The stalwart blacksmith, who a little over thirty years ago went to the Pacific, leaves a fortune over $4,580,980. Peter Donahue who is the hero of this little story, never speculated, never owned a mine and never bought a share of stock. It is all his business career.—*Philadelphia.*

The Decadence of Grain.

Both Chicago and Milwaukee are bewailing the decadence of the grain trade that has made them great. The loss is more notable in wheat than in other cereals, although the receipts of corn have also greatly declined. Both cities are attributing the decrease to what they call excessive elevator charges, which in the course of a year amount to thirty per cent. of the present value of wheat, and more than sixty per cent. of the value of corn and oats. Elevator receipts have been shown in Chicago on which the charges exceeded the value of the grain. It is argued that such excessive rates are strangling the grain trade of the city and forcing shipments by way of competing routes. Another reason for the decrease is probably the fact that there is not as much grain shipped as in former years. Certainly not much is shipped from the West to the East, as stock raising is fast changing the form in which corn is transported to other markets.—*Racine Journal.*

Paisley Again.

A good story is told of two Paisley bodies who, a good many years ago, went to Lamlash to spend their Fair holidays. They arrived all right and secured lodgings. After getting fairly settled, one of them thought he would write to "the auld folks at hame," and sat down to do so, but at the very outset he stuck—he could not commence—owing to the peculiar address of their temporary domicile. It was "The Police Office," and at that time it opposes that the cell—for there was only one apartment—was so seldom required for law breaking tenants, that the head constable was in the habit of fitting up a bed in it, and letting it to decent lodgers at such times as the Glasgow or Paisley fair holidays. The "Scotsnite," however, was not to be done, so he headed his letter thus—"Municipal Buildings," and sent it off by post.

Man and Monkey.

A baby gorilla in much nearer in physical constitution to a human baby than the full-grown gorilla is to the mature man; thus indicating that the process of development within the lifetime of an Anthropoid is not in the direction of improvement of further approximation to the human type, but is in the direction of retrogression or further removal from the human type. "A great chasm," Professor Hartmann says, "between man and Anthropoid is constituted, as I believe, by the fact that the human race is capable of education, and is able to acquire the highest mental culture, while the most intelligent Anthropoid can only receive certain mechanical training. And even to this training a limit is set by the surly temper displayed by Anthropoids as they get older." So that it would seem as if the development of the Anthropoids morally, if we may so use the word here, is like their physical development, not one of progress or improvement in the individual. The larger apes, therefore, with all their striking resemblances to the human form, are not moving nearer towards man, but merely remain man-like.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Chester Cathedral.

The glory of Chester is her cathedral, Though small in comparison with many, it is very interesting and full of beauty. The present diocese was founded by Henry VIII., and the Benedictine Abbey of St. Werburgh was chosen as a successor to that of St. John's. Since then it has undergone many changes, and now shows a mixed style of architecture; the Norman, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular. Its least pleasing feature is the difference in size between the north and south transepts. The latter, until recently, was portioned off from the rest of the building as a parish church to St. Oswald's, and here a separate service was held. The partition has been removed, and the transept has been thrown into the cathedral, but it has still to be restored. In size it is out of all proportion with the rest of the building, and is as large as the north transept is small. They differ widely in architecture, the north transept being partly Norman, partly Early English, the south Late Decorated. But the cathedral has been wonderfully well restored by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. The choir is beautiful, the carved woodwork of the stalls and the screen almost matchless. The light tracery in no way conceals or obscures the outer nave or aisles. The organ is placed outside the choir in the north transept, but the small organ is above the choir screen. It is one of the longest cathedral organs in the kingdom, one of the handsomest, and certainly one of the most beautiful in tone. It is supported by sixteen columns of Italian marble, pillars worthy of their destination. Through a door in the north transept you pass to the Chapter House and Library on the right, the cloisters on the left. The greater portion of the cloisters has not been restored, and they are in that state of picturesque decay which the hand of time lays upon ancient buildings. They are almost black, crumbling in parts well nigh to ruin, peopled with the ghosts of dead and gone Benedictines. These cloisters carry you back in spirit and imagination to the days of the Roman Catholics and St. Werburgh more than any other part of the cathedral. It is delightful to wander about them, and pass into the old refectory on the one side, now used as a practising room for the choristers, or enter the dark and gloomy but interesting crypt on the other. There is nothing more picturesque about the cathedral than these decaying cloisters—which yet probably will not be allowed to crumble away to destruction. But once restored they will lose, of necessity, their greatest charm. The central and only tower of the cathedral contains a peal of eight bells, one of which rings the curfew every night at a quarter to nine. Not that the inhabitants then retire to rest, for the streets at night are filled with loiterers and idlers; young men and boys lounging about the rows and corners, and looking as if they were possessed by the very spirit of mischief. The oldest bell bears the date 1604, and the inscription:—

"I sweetly tolling, men do call,
To taste the meat that feeds the soul."

On Sunday morning there was service in the choir, and at eight in the nave. The beautiful English service is doubly impressive when conducted in such a building, where one seems, indeed, surrounded by the "beauty of holiness." The grand organ pealed out, answered and swelled through the arches, and the choir took up the strain in voices perfectly trained and attuned. There are few better church choirs than that of Chester, and one chorister especially, in a solo, sent his pure, high voice ringing through the aisles, with all the beauty of a magic flute. The accompanying organ fell to the softest strains until its pulsations beat in unison with the waves of the boy's voice. Wave on wave went echoing down the long nave, and throughout all the congregation no hand stirred, no eye wandered; a "solemn silence" was over all. Then the prayers over, the Bishop left his throne and mounted the pulpit stairs, and in an earnest sermon spoke to his hearers of some of the mysteries of the unseen world. For a moment I went through the north doorway into the cloisters. They were silent and deserted, and, partially lighted by the moon, were haunted by a sense of mystery—the mystery of the dead past. The shadow of death seemed to enshroud them like a visible atmosphere. Here the old abbots in days gone by had been buried, and who could say their spirits even now were not haunting those ghostly decaying precincts? No spot more fitting in all Chester, scarcely in all England. Where the moon threw no light the cloisters were shadowed in a double blackness: the blackness of darkness and the blackness of ages. Across them on the north side was the old refectory, with clinging ivy about the crumbling pillars. On the east was the crypt, shut in and locked up tonight, cold, gloomily earthly, haunted with the memory of ages and ages. One shuddered in passing the very doorway, and involuntarily turned to see whether ghostly hands were opening and silently beckoning to us. Whether by day or night, the cloisters, though small, are wonderfully picturesque; they have a melancholy but an abiding charm.

Lemonade.—Squeeze the juice of four large lemons into three pints of water, add two cups of white sugar, and grate half a nutmeg. Some persons pour boiling water over sliced lemon, let it cool, sweeten and add ice. It is said to destroy the bitter flavor.

Pineapple-ade.—Pare a very ripe pineapple, then cut it in small pieces, put in a pitcher and sprinkle with white sugar; pour on boiling water, let cool, set on ice. Strain, sweeten and serve with bits of ice in the glasses.

Lemon Syrup.—Dissolve six pounds of white sugar in two quarts of water, take twelve large lemons and grate them into the syrup, boil and skim. Bottle the syrup and keep it in a cool place. This makes a delicious summer drink in the proportion of one-third lemon syrup and two-thirds ice-water.

DYSPEPSIA.

Sedentary habits, mental worry, nervous excitement, excess or imprudence in eating or drinking, and various other causes, induce Constipation followed by general derangement of the liver, kidneys, and stomach, in which the disorder of each organ increases the infirmity of the others.

The immediate results are Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Foul Breath, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Sick Headaches, failure of physical and mental vigor, distressing sense of weight and fullness in the stomach, and increased Costiveness, all of which are known under one head as Dyspepsia.

In every instance where this disease does not originate from scrofulous taint in the blood, Ayer's Pills may be confidently relied upon to effect a cure. Those cases not amenable to the curative influence of Ayer's Pills alone will certainly yield if the Pills are aided by the powerful blood-purifying properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Dyspeptics should know that the longer treatment of their malady is postponed, the more difficult of cure it becomes.

Ayer's Pills

Never fail to relieve the bowels and promote their healthful and regular action, and thus cure Dyspepsia. Temporary palliatives all do permanent harm. The fitful activity into which the enfeebled stomach is spurred by "bitters," and alcoholic stimulants, is inevitably followed by reaction that leaves the organ weaker than before.

"Costiveness, induced by my sedentary habits of life, became chronic; Ayer's Pills afforded me speedy relief. Their occasional use has since kept me all right." Hermann Bringhoff, *Newark, N. J.*

"I was induced to try Ayer's Pills as a remedy for Indigestion, Constipation, and Headache, from which I had long been a sufferer. I found their action easy, and obtained prompt relief. They have benefited me more than all the medicines ever before tried." M. V. Watson, *152 State St., Chicago, Ill.*

"They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and vastly improved my general health." Rev. Francis B. Harlowe, *Atlanta, Ga.*

"The most effective and the easiest pills I have ever found. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain." W. Page, *Richmond, Va.*

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Teas—18 qualities to choose from, 15 to 60c
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Granulated Sugar 7½c
Muskavado do 7c
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Standard or Pulverized Sugar 14c
Cooking Raisins 10c
Table do 15c
Extra Layer do 22c
Prunes 8c
Currants 7c
Rice 4½
Sago 7c
Soap—[illegible] Gilt Edge 7½
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[illegible] 11 oz Pickles 25c
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A well assorted stock of goods at similar reduced prices

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Huntingdon, June 23rd, 1886. 13

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Electricity is all very well in the telegraph and telephone, but in a bar of Soap (the so called Electric Soaps) we incline to the opinion it will be found as useful as the proverbial electricity to be had by scratching a cat's back.

USE DARLING'S DIPLOMA SOAP for easy washing, away ahead of all other soaps.
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For various reasons the light and airy washing fabrics will be fashionable this season, but chiefly because they are so inexpensive, and look quite new after every washing and doing up; also, because they are specially adapted for trimming with lace, which is undoubtedly the trimming of the season. Laces of all kinds and colors will be used for out door wear, from the narrow flounce to the entire covering for the skirt. We have just received a large variety of the new washing materials, and we also have all the new laces to match at remarkably low prices.

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